

OLD SETTLERS
REMITTANCE

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Illinois Springfield

Old Settlers

Excerpts from newspapers and other sources

From the files of the
Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection

From the Chicago Inter Ocean.
AT LINCOLN'S HOME.

A Day Among the Old Settlers of Menard County, Illinois.

"I want to find Mr. Spears."

"Mr. Spears?"

"Yes, Mr. Spears."

"What Spears?"

"I don't remember the first name, but I was told he lived a little way west of the depot."

"Is it J. Q. Spears?"

"I believe that's it—J. Q."

"John Quincy?"

"I presume John Quincy."

"I don't know whether it's John Quincy Adams or not," said the boy, "but it's John Quincy, sure, and he's up at the store. I'll show you."

Thus saying, he kindly piloted me across the street and into a corner store, where I found the object of my search.

This, be it known, was Thursday morning, in the town of Talulu, in Menard county, about 200 miles south of Chicago. A pleasant place it is, with a rich country surrounding it, and a population of excellent people, numbering about 700 or 800.

This was Lincoln's old stamping ground, and a few miles away is Salem, where the great President began life and first showed some of those qualities which afterward made him famous.

There used to be a mill, a store or two, and a hotel or two at Salem, but nothing now remains save the cellars of the first, and a dilapidated old building where Lincoln used to board, but which is now used as a stable.

THE INTER OCEAN

had heard that there were many old settlers around Talulu who knew Lincoln as boy and man, and Mr. Spears had been mentioned as a gentleman who could give many facts about him himself and could put me on the track of securing much information from others.

So I introduced myself to Mr. Spears and explained my errand. I found him a most intelligent man, a wealthy farmer, whose land adjoins the village, and one who entered heart and soul into the spirit of my enterprise.

"Yes, I can help you," said he, "but although I knew Mr. Lincoln very well, there are others who can give you more interesting incidents connected with his career than I am able to. I, of course, was much his junior, but he was a great admirer of my grandmother, Mrs. Mary Spears, who was quite celebrated as a doctress here about the time Lincoln made his appearance, and he used to visit her regularly every week and talk to her by the hour. While there I saw a great deal of him. But come with me a door or two away," continued Mr. Spears, "and I think I can show you some mementoes of him."

We went into the store of Messrs. Bell Bros., and those gentlemen kindly brought forth an old-looking case containing many of the instruments with which Lincoln used to work when acting as

SURVEYOR

in that part of the country, and which had come into the possession. They are very primitive-looking tools now, but Lincoln did good work with them, and his surveys were always considered reliable. There are some maps and town plats also in the possession of the Bell Bros. that originated with Lincoln, and all these souvenirs of the great man are preserved with much care.

"There are a number of trees down here a little ways," said one of the gentlemen, "that I have been telling our people ought to be preserved. When the surveying party was out the boys frequently took an ax and tried which could mark highest with it upon the trees. Lincoln most always won, his great height giving him the advantage, and there are several trees in the woods near by which bear his mark high above all the others. Some of our old citizens were with the party here and remember the incident well enough to identify the trees."

"Lincoln was an ingenious kind of man," pursued Mr. Bell. "When he was at my father's house one day my mother complained that she had difficulty in keeping the clock right, and never knew when it was correct. 'I'll fix you,' said Lincoln and he went and made a meridian mark on the floor so that the sun coming in by the door-post would always tell when it was noon. That mark is on the floor yet, and it's as good a regulator now as it was nearly half a century ago."

Nearly every one here who has come to middle age remembers something of Lincoln. I went over to the elegant farm house of Mr. Spears and there met, beside his estimable wife, a couple of ladies, neighbors of Mr. Spears, who were quite ready to

TALK OF MR. LINCOLN

and give their recollections of him.

"I remember said Mrs. Rule, one of the ladies mentioned, "that Lincoln came to my father's once and did some surveying for which father gave him a deer-skin to 'fox' his pants with. Lincoln was much pleased with the trade."

"And afterward I remember," said Mr. Spears, "he concluded to have a pair of breeches made entirely of buckskin, and got them. They answered first rate until they got wet one day, when they climbed half-way to his waist, and never got down again."

"Are there any of Lincoln's old sweethearts around here?" I queried.

"I don't know of any now," said Mrs. Rule. "Lincoln was not much of a beau, and seemed to prefer the company of the elderly ladies to the young ones."

"But he went to parties and social gatherings, did he not?" said I.

"Well, sometimes, but not often."

"You want to write a love story about him, I suppose," said the other lady, Mrs. Worth, smilingly.

"Yes, I'd like to."

"Well, Lincoln was a poor subject for romance. I am afraid you won't succeed in getting anything in that line."

"Well, I ought to find something here in his old home," said I.

"He was very bashful," said Mr. Spears, "and about the gawkiest young man you ever saw. But the man to tell you if there was any love affair in Lincoln's experience while here is Mr. Green, who lives a few miles from town, and was his earliest friend and companion. We will ride over there and see him."

Thanking Mr. Spears for the trouble he was taking, we mounted a couple of horses a few minutes later and rode out a few miles from town to the

RESIDENCE OF W. G. GREEN, ESQ.,

one of the wealthiest and best-known farmers in the west.

We found Mr. Green at his home, which stands in a beautiful location, overlooking a large natural park and commanding a view of his great farm of 1,400 acres which lies around it. He welcomed us with gentlemanly hospitality, and when the object of my visit was made known, stirred the glowing coals in the grate and sat down to a quiet and gossip chat.

"Take a cigar," said the host, and then with wreaths of smoke curling upward toward the ceiling, he entered upon a most interesting account of his acquaintanceship with Abraham Lincoln.

I have always had the impression that Lincoln's various promotions were surprises to him, but after hearing of him from the lips of an old and intimate friend, I am satisfied that he began his life in that quiet nook of the great earth at Salem intent upon making something of himself beyond the ordinary ambition of ordinary men. It is, of course, not to be supposed that he looked to achieve world-wide distinction; but he knew he had something in him above the commonplace, and that visions of great achievements appeared to him can scarcely be doubted. He did not see just how and when the road would be opened—and who does?—but he felt the strength and power of intellectual conquest in him, and every knoll that he climbed, showed him another height which he felt that he had abundant strength and will to surmount.

LINCOLN'S POWER OVER MEN.

"Lincoln's wonderful power and influence over men," said Mr. Green, "was felt as soon as he came to Salem. He was always popular and always regarded as authority. He got the soubriquet of 'Honest Abe' by refusing to act as judge at horse races unless he were left free to decide the question fairly, and not according to the jockeying tactics then in vogue. Prior to his coming, the race was won by the man who was the luckiest in choosing a judge; afterward the best horse took the race, no matter who his owner might be. After quarreling for hours over judges, the owners of horses who had each been trying, perhaps, to get a friend and adherent to act as umpire, would finally settle down on Lincoln, and then everybody said, 'Now, look out! This means a fair race, and the best horse must win.'"

"Where did Lincoln learn his surveying?" I asked.

"Took it up himself," replied Mr. Green, as he did a hundred things, and mastered it, too. When he acted as surveyor here he was a deputy of S. M. Neal, and not of Calhoun, as has been so often said.

THERE WAS A DISPUTE

about this, and many sketches of his life gave Calhoun (Candle-box Calhoun, as he was known afterwards during the Kansas troubles and election frauds) as the surveyor, but it was Neal." Mr. Green turned to his desk and drew out an old certificate, in the handwriting of Lincoln, giving the boundaries of certain lands, and signed, "S. M. Neal, Surveyor, by A. Lincoln, Deputy," thus settling the question. Mr. Green was a democrat, and has leaned toward that party all his life, but what he thought and thinks of Lincoln can be seen by an indorsement on the back of the certificate named, which is as follows:

Preserve this, as it is from the noblest of God's creation—A. Lincoln, the 2d preserver of his country, May 3, 1865. Penned by W. G. Green, who taught Lincoln the English grammar in 1831.

"So you taught him grammar?" said I, after reading the inscription.

"Well, yes, replied my host; "but not long. You never could teach Lincoln for a great while. I began with him, but in three weeks he knew more of the English grammar than I, did, seeing and remembering every word he read without effort.

HIS OLD GRAMMAR MASTER.

"An amusing thing happened after he was elected President," continued Mr. Green: "I was in Washington and talking with Lincoln in the room where the cabinet meetings are held, and there was a large table there. Seward came in, and Lincoln said: 'Mr. Seward, let me introduce you to my old friend, Mr. Green, of Illinois.' Seward was on the opposite side of the table, and bowed in his courtly way, but Lincoln was not satisfied. 'Come round here, Seward,' said he, 'and shake hands with Mr. Green; I want you to know him; he's my old grammar master.'"

"I was very much embarrassed, and afterward said to Lincoln; 'You ought not to introduce me that way. Why, every body in Washington will be noticing me and testing my grammatical acquirements.' 'Never mind,' said Lincoln, 'I want them to remember you, and when I introduce you in that way they'll never forget you on earth.' And he kept it up, introducing me to everybody we met as his grammar master."

"You saw Lincoln frequently while he was President?"

"Yes, quite often, considering that my home was here and his in Washington. When the internal revenue laws were about to be put in operation, Lincoln was told that this district would not submit to the tax, and that the agents of

THE GOVERNMENT WOULD BE RESISTED.

He sent for me and said, 'Bill, that's my old home, and it will never do to have trouble out there. Now, I want to see you collected. I believe you can put everything through peacefully.'

"Well, I said, 'Lincoln, you know I don't want any office, but if I can help you any I am willing to take it,' and so he appointed me and I went to work. I didn't have any trouble, the law was enforced, and Lincoln was very much gratified."

Mr. Green did not mention it, but it was no doubt owing to the fact that he was a democrat of wealth and influence, that the scheme went through. It is somewhat singular to note that some of Mr. Lincoln's warmest friends were life-long democrats. When he ran for the legislature the first time he was what was called an Adams man, while the majority of his neighbors, including Green, were Jackson men. Notwithstanding this he succeeded, and in all his precincts he cast upwards of 400 votes, there were but three ballots against him.

"Where did you first see Lincoln?" I asked, as Mr. Green paused for a moment in his recital.

"The first time I saw him," said he, "was one morning in Salem, on the mill dam, that was in 1831. He was out on the dam with his pants rolled up above his knees, trying to get a flatboat over. The boat had been built at Sangamontown, and the owner, with some goods aboard, had started to go on down the river until he struck a favorable town in which to open up. They couldn't get the boat over very well, so the owner concluded he might as well start his store in Salem.

"Lincoln went to work for a man named Kirkpatrick, who promised him \$13 a month. This was about the usual price, but Lincoln was very strong and Kirkpatrick, who ran a saw-mill, said it would save him buying a jack-screw to handle the logs with if he got Lincoln, so he promised to pay him \$13. When they came to settle up, Kirkpatrick wouldn't pay him but ten, and Lincoln was pretty mad. By the way, that led to the first oath I ever heard Lincoln use.

LINCOLN SWEARS.

"I don't know but it was the last, too. You see about that time the Blackhawk war broke out, and we organized a company. The adjutant came over from Springfield, and the men—about 100—were drawn up in line. The adjutant told us that the governor would appoint the field-officers, the colonel, major, etc., but we could elect our own captain. We had understood this, and there were two candidates—Lincoln and this same Kirkpatrick. When we were in line the adjutant asked the candidates to step ten paces in front of the men, and when Lincoln and Kirkpatrick came out he told us that all who wanted Lincoln should form a line by him, and all who wanted Kirkpatrick could go to his side. I was very eager for Lincoln, and the minute the word was given I ran and stood at his elbow. The others followed, according to their choice, and in forming the two lines they became rather crooked, every one wanting to see how many each candidate had. Lincoln was so tall he could see over all our heads, and when the last man had taken his place, and before the adjutant had counted noses, he saw that he had triumphed, and he slapped me on the shoulder and said: 'Bill! I'll be d—d if I hain't beat him!'

"I think he was more pleased at beating Kirkpatrick, and thus in a manner getting even with him for his dishonesty, than he was in securing the captaincy of the company."

HIS SOCIAL LIFE.

Mr. Green paused here, and I ventured to try again to get something of Lincoln's social life.

"You and Lincoln were young men together, Mr. Green," said I, "and of course were going to parties and gatherings of various kinds. Do you remember any incidents connected with them?"

"Well, yes; I suppose I can recall some."

"Was he 'waiting' upon any girls in the neighborhood then?"

Mr. Spears remarked that he thought Lincoln didn't go around among the young ladies much.

"Not much," responded Mr. Green. "He was very bashful, but I do remember a case or two that may be worth telling."

"Was he ever engaged to any lady hereabouts?"

"Yes, he was going to marry Mary Owens, a distant relation of mine, but the match was broken off."

"How was that?"

"A very silly thing. It all came about in this way—

But I find there is too much to tell in one letter, and I must defer a number of incidents and anecdotes related by Mr. Green for another article.

G. A. P.

At Lincoln's Home

From the Inter Ocean.
"HONEST ABE."

Another Chapter on the Early Life of Abraham Lincoln in Menard County.

"How did Lincoln ever come to go into that grocery at Salem?" I inquired of Mr. Green.

"He and a man by the name of Berry bought it out," replied Mr. Green, thinking they were getting a great bargain; and they were, had they known anything about business. But Lincoln was no financier, and Berry was an unreliable sort of fellow, and the result was not very encouraging."

"Who did they buy it of?"

"Of me."

"You!"

"Yes. You see, it was this way. A man by the name of Ratford came from the South and started a grocery at Salem. His wife's sister lived near here, and they wanted to be together. It was the fashion then to keep liquor in with the groceries, and once in a while a crowd from some of the surrounding settlements would gather at Salem, get to drinking, and make things lively for a while. Just above us here there was such a crowd, and those composing it used to be called the "Clary Grove set." Ratford's brother-in-law knew them pretty well, and the first time he went down to Salem he told the former that he was afraid that he would have trouble with them.

"Why, I'll fight any one of 'em," said Ratford.

FIGHTING THE "CLARY GROVE SET."

"That won't do any good," said his brother-in-law. "If one can't lick you, two will try, and if two can't do it, the whole crowd will jump on you. The best way is to wait quietly till they come and then try to make friends with them. Don't give them too much whisky, and may be you can do it."

"So Ratford sat down to wait. A week, two weeks, three weeks passed, and the dreaded gang did not come. Finally his wife wishing very much to visit her sister, they concluded to leave a younger brother in charge of the store and go up and spend Tuesday with her. They went, and that very evening the Clary Grove set rode into town. They wanted a drink and they got it. Then they wanted another, and got that. When they called for a third, the young man in charge told them they had enough and he could not sell them any more.

"You won't!" said the leader. "Boys!" he yelled, "he ain't goin' to sell us no more pizen! Oh, no, uv course he won't!" and a yell of derision went up.

"The boys tenderly lifted the little weights from the counter and merrily began plugging the glass jars on the shelves. Remonstrance was useless, and in ten minutes the floor was strewn with copperas, alum, spice, ginger, sulphur, nutmegs, etc., etc., ankle deep. Then they tapped the whisky barrel, and, filling themselves full of benzine, rode out of town yelling like

A BAND OF INDIANS.

"The homes of the "set" were in the neighborhood of Ratford's brother-in-law's, and about 3 o'clock in the morning the yelping of dogs, the clatter of cow-bells and the whoops of the "set" returning home aroused Ratford and the household.

"That," said the brother-in-law, "is the Clary Grove set. Ratford, they've been to Salem, and I'm afraid the grocery is gone up."

"Ratford was very much excited, and going to the stables mounted a horse and started away for Salem.

"It happened that the same morning, I, then a boy still in my teens, had started on

horseback with a grist for the mill at Salem. The mill was a small affair, and unless one was early on the ground he had to wait a long time for his grinding. I was riding into Salem about daylight when Ratford dashed by me, his horse covered with foam, and reined up at the door of his grocery. There was a small window at one end, and as he got off and stood in the door I rode along side of the window

AND LOOKED IN.

"You see that picture on the wall there," said Mr. Green. "Well, that is a rough drawing of the grocery, and of myself and Ratford, and the town as it was that morning. As I was wondering at the ruin inside, Ratford, almost bursting with anger, struck his fists together and cried—

"I'll sell this grocery to the first man that makes an offer for it."

"Looking in at the window I sang out, I'll give you \$400 for it.

"All right, you can have it," said he.

"I didn't know what I was buying, but it looked to me as if it was still worth twice that. I told him who I was, that I didn't have the money, but would give my note, and there and then the trade was made. I was still standing amid the broken jam, hardly knowing what I had done, when Lincoln came across from his boarding-house and looked in.

"What's up, Bill!" said he.

"I told him what I had done, and he laughed till he nearly cried. It looked so funny, he said, to see me standing there in the copperas and sulphur, a newly fledged merchant. "You must have

AN INVENTORY

right away," said he. I remember that was the first time I had ever heard the word inventory, and I had kind of a dim sort of notion that it meant another smash-up; so I said, "Much obliged, Lincoln, but I don't want any more inventories here." Then he laughed, and explained, and pretty soon came over and helped me to take an account of stock. We found when we got through that there were about \$1,200 worth of goods, and I felt pretty well over my bargain. Then Berry came round. He talked to Lincoln, and finally they offered to take my note to Ratford, give me a horse, saddle, and bridle that Berry had, and \$250 cash for my bargain, and I accepted it. The money was all in silver, and that night I started home (I had sent the grist back during the day) feeling pretty proud.

"It was rather late when I got to the house, and when I opened the door, father, who slept in the room, gruffly cried out, 'Who's that?'

"It's me," said I.

"Oh, it's

THE MERCHANT.

he exclaimed, derisively. "Who you goin' to get to clerk for you? You pack off to bed now, mighty quick. I'll give you 'store' in the morning."

He was very mad, but instead of going to bed I threw some kindling on the fire, and it blazed up, making a bright light. I took a handful of silver out and threw it on the table.

"What's that?" said father.

"I've sold the store," I replied.

"O, you hev," said he. "And how much did you make?"

"I don't know," said I. "I want to get it out of my clothes," and I began tossing the silver in all directions, drawing it out of every pocket. Pretty soon he raised up on his his elbows and looked at me.

"I guess I'll take

A CHAW TERBACKER,

said he. Still I went on until he opened his eyes in amazement, and then I told him what I had done.

"Here, Lizzie," he cried to mother, as I got through. "Get up, and get this boy a

good supper. He's had a hard day's work."

"It was all right then?"

"Well, the result was that Ratford wouldn't give me up my note and take Lincoln and Berry's, but let it remain as it was, and it afterward gave Lincoln and myself infinite trouble. The war broke out and things went wrong with the new firm. The note went into the hands of Peter Vanbergen, still living in Springfield, and we renewed it several times at twenty-five per cent. Finally it reached \$600, and Lincoln, while dolefully discussing the slim prospect of ever paying it, used to call it the national debt. A few years later I went into Kentucky to teach school, and Lincoln, removing to Springfield, began to earn something at law, and between us we at last paid it. It was several years, though, before he got ahead enough to pay me for my share, but he did it at last, and that was the end of the grocery business."

"Did Lincoln feel bad over his failure?"

"Well, he felt bad at his inability to pay the note, which he had agreed to pay, but he became satisfied that he was not cut out for a business man. Douglas told me after his famous campaign with Lincoln that he thought one day he would give the latter a rap over the

SALOON BUSINESS,

as he called it, and so he tauntingly referred to the fact that he knew his tall opponent when he practiced *behind* the bar at Salem, and did it with much grace if not with remarkable success.

"Lincoln received the faunt good-naturedly, and, replying, said that though he did not achieve wealth or distinction while engaged on his side of the bar at Salem, he was able to testify to the constancy and assiduity with which Judge Douglas practiced on the other side during that era of grocery-keeping. The audience yelled, and Douglas frankly acknowledged that his tall antagonist had the better of him."

"Were you with Lincoln during the Black Hawk war?"

"Yes. It was not much of a war, but during our term out many amusing incidents occurred. I remember at Rock Island there was

A BIG FELLOW

named Sam Thompson, who was being backed by his company as the champion wrestler of the camp. Finally we put Lincoln against him, and bet every dime we could scrape together. They took hold, but Thompson got the crotch lock on Lincoln and threw him flat. They took hold again, and Lincoln told me afterward that he knew Thompson could throw him, but he thought he'd let the boys down as easy as possible, so he dallied around and put off the fall as long as possible. After some minutes Thompson took the crotch lock on him again, and they came down, but it was not so fair a fall as the first, and our boys claimed it was a 'dog fall.' The other crowd demanded their money, and in about a minute there were 200 coats off and a prospect of a free fight. Lincoln's influence was then shown. Brushing the sand from his clothes he cried, "Give up your money boys! If he didn't throw me fair, he can. I'm willing to admit that." In a moment the

ANGRY WORDS WERE HUSHED,

coats were put on, and with an "all right, Abe, if you say so," the crowd quietly dispersed.

A year or so after Lincoln's election, I was sitting with him one day at the White House when he suddenly broke out with, "What's become of that man Thompson, Bill?"

"What man Thompson?" I inquired.

"Why, that fellow that threw me in the camp at Rock Island during the Black Hawk war?" said he.

"I don't know. I haven't thought of him for twenty years. Why?"

"Oh nothing," said Lincoln. "Only I

thought if you knew where he was I'd give him a little 'appointment' just to show that I didn't bear him any malice."

I don't believe he found Thompson, and if the latter is alive, I don't know where he is."

I inquired of Mr. Green about

LINCOLN'S FATHER,

but he never saw him except once. That was after the elder Lincoln had married his second wife.

"I was going to Kentucky," said Mr. Green, "and Lincoln insisted that I should stop and see his father, as it was 'just a little out of the way.' He gave me a letter to him, and I stopped, though I found that the 'just a little' was very near fourteen miles. I found his father living in a little cabin that cost perhaps \$15, and with many evidences of poverty about him. I was disposed to apologize for my coming, and go away as soon as possible, but I found that though Lincoln was poor he was mighty hospital, and a very entertaining host in spite of his surroundings. He insisted on my staying all night, and when I wondered where I would put my horse, he took the animal, hitched him to a rough shed and pointing to a kettle that stood there, said there never was its equal for a horse-trough. It was a manger that would hold grain, hay, and water, and Lincoln seemed to regard it in his droll way with a good deal of pride and satisfaction. He was a capital story teller—better than his son, if possible—and kept me laughing a great deal. He took me out of the cabin, and pointing to a corner where the logs ran through each other, some of them long and some short, explained in a serious way that he had studied convenience in the erection of that house, and that it was really something to be proud of.

'Here,' said he, pointing to the end of a log that projected through the roof and was high up, 'here is where we hang a deer to skin it.' 'That,' pointing to a shorter one, 'is for a calf, and that,' pointing to a still shorter one, 'is where we hang a hog or sheep. It cost me time, but its worth it.' The old man could not read, and when I handed him the letter from Abe he passed it over to his wife, who read for him. He asked how his son was getting on, and said he hoped the boy wouldn't disgrace himself. I left the old man with a very warm opinion of him.

"I am told," said I, as Mr. Green paused in his recital, "that you were present when Lincoln

SHOULDERED THE BARREL OF WHISKY

and drank out of the bung-hole. How is that?"

"Well, he didn't exactly drink," said Mr. Green, "for Lincoln never drank liquor, but he took a swallow in his mouth, and then spit it out again. It was done to win a bet. You see, a man by the name of Eastep, who lived near Salem, was a great fellow to be always betting with the boys, and winning from them, on his own tricks. He had beaten me a great many times, and after he had done so one day, Lincoln told me I ought to stop betting with him. 'He'll always beat you,' said Lincoln, 'and he knows it or he wouldn't bet. Now, if you'll agree to stop it I'll tell you how to get even with him.' I promised, and Lincoln told me to bet Eastep, the next time he came to town, that he (Lincoln) could take up a barrel of whisky and drink out of the bung-hole. I hardly believed Lincoln could do it, but he showed me how easy it was, by getting the barrel on his knees, to do it, and so the next opportunity I tackled Eastep for a bet. He

was eager to do it, but when I wanted to bet a four-dollar hat he looked a little surprised. However, he took the bet, and the crowd gathered round to see the fun. Lincoln tilted the barrel on an end, then onto his knees, then rolled it slowly up till he had it in the right position, when the bung was taken out, and he took the swallow, as agreed. Eastep looked on in blank amazement, but bought the hat and left. I never knew him to bet again after that."

We had listened now to the very interesting conversation of Mr. Green from 10:30 until after 3 o'clock, and were forced to quit our hospitable and entertaining host to catch the train. The interview was a genuine treat to me, and if I have reproduced it with any justice in these letters the readers of The Inter Ocean have probably been repaid for their perusal. They add a mite to the store-house of incidents treasured by the nation regarding the great president, and, as such, possess a value which will be increased as the years go by.

From the Chicago Inter Ocean.
LINCOLN'S LOVE.

[The following is a continuation of the article published in the COURIER of April 29th, which it will be remembered was broken off just at the point of relating how the match between Abraham Lincoln and Mary Owens was broken off.]—EDITOR COURIER.

"It was this way," said Mr. Green. "My cousin, Nancy Green, had a great, strapping baby that she was in the habit of lugging about with her wherever she went. Possibly Lincoln didn't have a passion for babies, at any rate, he was not in love with this one, and I remember very well that when his own son Bob was in the cradle Lincoln used to lie on the floor reading, and let the future secretary of war split his lungs yelling to be carried about the house. If Mrs. Lincoln happened to arrive home about this time there was trouble in the family for a few minutes, but no remonstrances or appeals could ever make him a good nurse. He would read, and so far as appearances went, was deaf to all the infantile cries that came from his hopeful heirs. When the babies grew up a bit, and knew something, they found in their father a companion and a friend, but they had to look elsewhere for a nurse."

LINCOLN AND MARY OWENS.

"Well, at the time I mentioned, Lincoln had grown very fond of Mary Owens, and she seemed to take quite a fancy to him. They were together a good deal, and finally, as was understood, became engaged. One day Mary and Nancy Green were going a mile or so to a neighbors, and Lincoln went with them. As usual, Nancy took the baby and trudged along with it, although it was a heavy weight for her. Perhaps she expected that Lincoln would offer to shoulder the boy himself for part of the distance, so to relieve her, but if she had such expectations they were not realized, for he put his hands in his pockets and leisurely sauntered by the side of Mary Owens, without a glance toward the baby."

"Pretty soon Mary became cold, and answered Lincoln with short and curt sentences. Then she refused to talk to him at all, and by the time the end of the journey was reached she fairly withered him with her glances. Lincoln did not know, or seemed not to know, what the matter was, and at last asked an explanation."

LINCOLN'S OFFENSE.

"What's nup, Mary," said he. "You seem to be in bad humor."

"Oh, no," she replied, mockingly, "I'm as purring and good-natured as a kitten. What is there to ruffle a body, my gracious!"

"It's something I've done, I suppose," said Lincoln.

"No," replied Mary, tartly, "it's nothing you've done. It's what ye hain't done, and that's just what's the matter."

"Well, what is it?" said Lincoln.

"You don't know, of course," responded Mary, disdainfully.

"No; I'll be hanged if I do," said Lincoln.

"Well, I'll tell you," said Mary. "You've walked yer for more'n a mile with us—a great, strong feller like you, and let that woman carry a baby that weighs nigh onto forty pounds, and never so much as lifted yer finger to help her. That's what ails me."

"Why, she never asked me," said Lincoln.

"Oh, she didn't! And you hand't politeness enough to offer to help her, but must wait to be asked."

"Why, I never thought of it," returned Lincoln. "I always supposed she would be afraid to let a fellow like me touch the

baby for fear he might break it or something. I'd carry a bushel of 'em for you, Mary."

"Yes, now," said Mary bitterly.

"Any time," said Lincoln.

"If I asked you?" responded Mary.

"Well, I reckon you could ask me if you wanted them carried," retorted Lincoln.

"I just tell you what it is, Abe Lincoln," cried Mary, getting excited, "any man as is fit to be a husband would have offered to a carried that child when he could see its mother was near about tired to death."

"And I didn't offer?" said Lincoln.

"No you didn't" responded Mary.

"And so I ain't fit to be a husband?" said Lincoln.

"That's just the fact, you hain't," said Mary.

Lincoln turned about with a laugh, and didn't appear to think much more of the matter. He treated Mary very nicely, and much as if nothing had been said, but her words, no doubt, made a serious impression, for from that time their intimacy began to wane, and after a while there was a general understanding that the engagement was canceled. There were no more words about the baby, I believe, but it was the baby, after all, that broke up the match.

YATES AND LINCOLN.

"That's a fine picture of Yates," said I, glancing at the wall, where hung a large photograph, half life-size, perhaps, of the war governor of Illinois.

"Yes," replied Mr. Green, "it's a good picture. Yates, I think, was the handsomest man I ever saw, except John C. Breckenridge. I thought a great deal of him, and knew him when we were both boys. I must tell you how Lincoln and Yates first met. Lincoln was tending store down at Salem, and Yates and Carlin, from the southern part of the state, came up to my mother's to spend a few days."

"One morning I said: 'Boys, come down to Salem with me. There's a young fellow I want to introduce you to.' So we went down, and as we came to the store I saw Lincoln stretched out on the cellar door reading Burns, his favorite poet, by the way."

"I introduced him to Yates and Carlin, and after a while he put on his coat and went back with us to dinner. Mother had invited some young ladies in, and there was quite a party of us. As I said a while ago, Lincoln was fearfully awkward and timid when girls were around, and I thought he would stumble over everything in the house that day."

A PIONEER'S TABLE.

"We were not very luxurious in our habits in those days, and at dinner had large, brown, earthen bowls of milk at each person's plate instead of tea or coffee. The house had a puncheon floor, and the table was liable to rock a good deal. We often put a chip under a leg or two to keep it steady, and had done so that day, but Lincoln, in trying to get his legs under the table, had knocked the chip out. He sat next to Yates, who was dressed with great care, in a suit that fitted him like wax. Directly Lincoln went to reach for something, and in withdrawing his arm knocked over his bowl of milk. When he tried to eat the bowl he tripped the table, and the chip being gone, it went down on that side materially. Yates was at the lowest place, and in a second the milk from Lincoln's bowl went pouring into his lap. He jumped up and Lincoln jumped up, blushing to the roots of his hair; but it was no use; the danger was done, and poor Yates' pants were spoiled. My mother tried to make Lincoln easy by taking all the fault on herself, saying that she had no business to set the table where it would bob over in that manner. 'Much obliged to you, Aunt Lizzie,' said he, 'but it's nothing but my blamed awkwardness, and it's no use to apologize for me.'"

THIRTY YEARS AFTER.

"And that was the first meeting between Lincoln and Yates?"

"Yes; and they were forever afterwards fast friends. Nearly thirty years after that Yates drove over here from Springfield one day, and said he, 'Bill, do you know Lincoln can be nominated for president at Chicago?'"

"How," said I.

"By doing as I say," said Yates; "and you are the man to induce him to do it."

"I must tell you that shortly before that Yates had been elected president of the railroad that runs through here, and I was financial agent, and we had just returned from a trip to New York together. Lincoln and Douglass had completed their joint discussion, and attracted a great deal of attention."

"You know how they are all talking about Lincoln in the east," said Yates. Now, Lincoln will believe what you tell him, and I want you to go with me and talk to him. He must go to New York and make a speech."

"How can he go now?" said I. "There's no excuse for it."

"We'll make an excuse," said Yates. "I can arrange to have him invited, and when they see and hear him they will be ready to vote for him."

"Well, I got into the carriage and rode over with Dick to see Lincoln."

YATES' PLAN

Going over, Dick opened a new scheme. He and Swett were both candidates for governor, and it was a pretty even chance as to who would get it. "Now, I want to be governor," said Yates. "I have had an everlasting ambition that way, and Lincoln, by being neutral between Swett and me, or leaning a little to my side, can give me the nomination. I want him to do that, and if he will, we will make him the republican nominee for President."

"Well, I saw Lincoln. He laughed at Yates' plan of having him go to New York and making him president, but objected to nothing. 'You see,' said he, 'I think the world of Swett and Dick both, and it won't do for me to take sides, but I'll keep my hands off. The result was as Yates had predicted. He was nominated for governor. Lincoln went to New York and spoke at Cooper Institute, attracting the attention of the entire country, and was finally nominated at Chicago and elected."

DICK'S ADVENTURE IN NEW YORK.

"Ah, that Dick Yates," said Mr. Green, was a wonderful man."

"I was in New York with him on railway business at one time, and during the evening we were sauntering down Broadway. Dick had been taking considerable wine, not enough to intoxicate him, but just enough to make him surprisingly brilliant and reckless. He was dressed with exquisite taste, and had his hair, which was so luxuriant, 'done up' by a barber in fine style. We had tickets to the theater, but as we got near the place I suddenly lost Dick in the crowd. I was peering about for him, when I saw him ahead of me going into the theater. He had lost his hat and his hair had blown carelessly about his face and forehead. I rushed after him and got inside just as Dick went marching down the middle aisle, hatless, but erect and handsome. His appearance and manner attracted attention, and there was a laugh followed by applause. At this Dick bowed with all the grace of a Chesterfield. Then there was more ap-

plause, and directly some one in the circle above threw a bouquet toward him, which fell at his feet. This elicited a roar and the play stopped.

A MARVELOUS SPEECH.

Dick picked up the bouquet, bowed once more, and then began a little speech, which was actually the finest thing I ever heard on earth. It was an apology for his appearance and a compliment to the beautiful women and brave men he saw around him. When he got through and sat down the house rang with cheers, and though no one knew who he was they recognized instantly that a gentleman and a statesman was before them. 'Dick,' said I, when we got to the hotel, 'I would give a hundred dollar bill to have that speech exactly as you made it to-night.'

'I don't know what I said,' said Dick; 'but when I saw the flashing lights the gay dresses and the beautiful figures around me, it seemed as if all the poetry I ever knew came swelling up within me and struggling for utterance. It had to be spoken, and I spoke it.'

"Yates made many fine speeches in his life, but he never made a more beautiful or eloquent one than that."

It will take another letter to complete the reminiscences of Mr. Green, and relate under what peculiar circumstances Lincoln became a grocery-keeper at Salem, and finally entered upon his large life.

G. A. P.

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to learn the prices. There is no use of talking. This is the place to buy; and when you need anything in his line, call at northwest corner square.

Corkery & Trieble.

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ONE.

August 1891.

Springfield Fifty Years Ago.

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But very few of all those who traverse the dirt-paved and wind-swept avenues of this ambitious municipality, realize that it has a history dating back more than three score years, and fewer still know or care anything about the many obstacles, natural and artificial, that had to be encumbered and overcome by our worthy predecessors in order to make the place what it is. Founded in 1819, made the permanent seat of justice of Sangamon county in 1825, incorporated as a town in 1832, and constituted the state capitol in 1837, Springfield's growth into greatness has always been slow, yet continuous and permanent.

It is not, however, with the commonplace details and unromantic incidents of its civil and political history that we have to deal in this valuable article. Our purpose is rather to portray, for the edification of the common reader, the general appearance of the village, and the manners and mode of life of its inhabitants as they existed half a hundred years

The Hardshell Baptist and the shouting Methodist preachers, mounted upon tough little palfreys, with well-worn saddle bags, made monthly or semi-monthly visits to the burg, and dispensed the gospel (not politics!) in a plain unlearned manner, without any special reference to grammatical accuracy or rhetorical finish. The building of costly churches, the erection therein of swelling organs, the renting of cushioned pews and the employment of choirs to supply the music, were innovations scarcely thought of by the most progressive of those pioneer "fathers and mothers in Israel." In going to or from church, or other places of public resort, the good people were accustomed to transport themselves in their own carriages—that is to say: by the vehicle with which nature had kindly provided them.

Thrice happy and ever to be envied little town, luxuriating in all its own harmless insignificance; "without riches, without honor, without ambition and without vain glory." We fancy we can see thee now, demurely reposing on the verge of a low-lying prairie, skirted on the north and west by scrubby forests and pebbleless brooks, with thy mud-built streets and backwoods domiciles; with thy village sages and politicians who, on long summer afternoons, would leisurely recline in the shade of some humble grocery, in an atmosphere redolent of tobacco smoke and the fumes of corn whisky, and profoundly discuss the leading social and political topics of the day, with all the dignity of statesmen and the gravity of philosophers. HIC FINIS FANDI.

mers and residents of Auburn Township. One of them died in California.

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Lick Creek, about six miles south of the public square. The invitation was accepted on condition that your correspondent should accompany him. The arrangements were made, and the time arrived upon. Our camp was being

river. We were then informed that the troops under Major Simonson (an old man) would reach the ferry at three o'clock. Anxious to get out of the way all hands were ready, and made an extra effort to get our train over before their arrival. Our teams and all our wagons but two, with several of our men in charge of them, were on the west side of the river at 3 o'clock, and the two remaining wagons were drawn to the boat's landing ready to cross. The troops now reached the ferry, and under the order of Simonson our wagons were pushed back from the landing, separating our men from their teams and provisions, and the remainder of the day was occupied in crossing the troops, but through the favor of the ferrymen our two wagons and men were taken over after night. This was the only unfriendly interruption our company had to meet, from white men or Indians, anywhere between St. Joseph and the Sacramento river, and this would not have been submitted to without a struggle, if the advice of some of us had been respected, but our excellent superintendent, Mr. John B. Watson decided that it would be easier to submit than to resist, and we were bound by a sacred obligation to obey.

This was the kind of protection some of us received from a military commander, who we understood was sent out by our government to protect the emigration on the plains.

We kept the sabbath as a day of rest from a sense of christian duty, but experience proved that we could travel more miles than those who traveled seven days

day we traveled twelve miles, and in that short distance passed 128 ox teams pulling for the land of gold, with the road in front and rear of us lined with emigrants as far as we could see, and there seemed to be a general struggle for the front. On

ALLEN B. WRISLEY'S

CHOICE AND DELICATE PERFUME AND

TOILET SOAPS!

Are Equal to any Imported Goods, both in Strength of Odor and Quality—Sold by All Druggists.

Over Rosenwald's.

After preaching to us several times, Mr. Richard Hodge of company No. 1, made a profession of religion.

On Sunday 23d of July, our encampment was encircled with steep hills, from 100 to 200 feet high, in a little valley not

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At this dulcet period Springfield was an isolated, ill-built sort of a town, with a miscellaneous population of from ten to twelve hundred, and was distinguished neither by the beauty of its site nor by the wealth or culture of its inhabitants. The small and rude log and frame houses of which it was composed, were scattered up and down the hillsides over that portion of the present site of the city which lies north of Washington and west of Fourth streets, overlooking the classic waters of the Town Branch, and in the locality familiarly known as "Old Town." The confluence of Jefferson and Second streets formed the chief center of business, the market place, where the merchant princes and professional lights of the time had their headquarters. Here the great men of the burg, the idlers, the topsters, the teamsters, the hunters, and the rustic farmers from the surrounding country were wont to congregate for purposes of trade or barter, and to talk over the current gossip and politics of the day. Hard by towered the old log court house, wherein the sapient Fallstaffian, John York Sawyer, was wont to dispense speedy, if not impartial, justice to delinquent and offending culprits. Half a block to the eastward was the Indian Queen Hotel, (now no more) with its gabled front and its flaring sign creaking in the wind. On the same street to the west, stood Buck Tavern, kept by Andy Elliott, who had the reputation of being a creditable host. Both of these public houses had bars, which were much frequented by the guests and other thirsty souls.

The majority of the denizens of the burg lead easy and unambitious lives—hunting, fishing and dancing, varied, in many instances, with horse racing, card playing and pugilistic exercises. They had but little money, nor did they need much, for their wants were comparatively few and easily satisfied. Their tables, in general, were abundantly supplied with Johnny cake, wild honey, venison ham, roast pig, wild turkey and prairie chicken. But the luxuries and superfluities attendant upon a more advanced state of civilization had not as yet been introduced among our rustic predecessors. The little log cabins, with their puncheon floors, clapboard roofs and clay-topped chimneys, subserved all the ordinary purposes of the more stately and sumptuous mansions of the present day. The rude ox or mule team trudged slowly along through the mud, where now rolls the glittering equipage of opulence and fashion. The men, as a rule, wore seal or coon skin caps, brown jeans hunting shirts, buckskin breeches and heavy brogans. It is only just to observe, however, that their Sunday and holiday apparel conformed somewhat more nearly to the modern styles. The women were mostly attired in plain linsey, woolsey or striped cotton gowns of their own manufacture. The buxom lassies of those days were little given to the use of rouge and cosmetics to improve their complexions, for they needed no such paltry aids, and were content to occasionally pomatum down their tresses with a tallow dip. Formal visiting in livery hacks, with gilt-edged cards, was utterly unknown in the primitive simplicity of the times. To the contrary, the elderly dames, when they desired to call upon their neighbors, donned their sun bonnets, strung their reticules upon their arms, took their clay pipes and knitting and spent the entire day.

There were no such petty annoyances as gas bills, railway fares, water rates, pew rents, stamp duties, etc., the liquidation of which sadly depletes the purse of the average urban resident in the present age of steam and electricity. Neither were there any laws or ordinances in force against the detestable canine race, and only man was at liberty to keep as many dogs, (young or old) cats, pigs and geese as he chose to feed, or as could make shift to feed themselves. Singing schools were in vogue to some extent, and most of the young people learned to sing, or at least what was called singing.

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THIRTY-SECOND DEGREE

Of Heat and Cold, and Ups and Downs in Business Reached By the Veteran Druggist.

ROLAND W. DILLER.

Thirty-two years ago, yesterday, Roland W. Diller, then a youth of beauty and fewer summers than he now boasts of, and much less evidence of the frost of a few winters also, joined his fortunes with Mr. Charles S. Corneau in the drug business on the very spot upon which his majestic footstep is heard, and his silver streams of time wave from his level head and his hand still steadily mixes the potent draught that knocks a chill, silences a fever, scatters pains and aches and rejuvenates age with vigor to tread life's pathway yet a little longer, when tussling with the ills that flesh is heir to. For thirty-two years has "Rolls" administered to the sick and lame, the halt and the blind, the deaf and the poor, and all the time building for himself a reputation that has made his name a household word throughout the county. In 1858 we—then assistant chief of the fire department—witnessed a terrible scatterment of bottles and pill boxes, plasters and purgatives, opodeldoc and ipecac, quinine and epsom salts, into one common pile, on the pavement of the state house, opposite the old stand. They lay "in confusion worse confounded," until even the skill of the veteran was not equal to the task of distinguishing antimonial wine from the syrup of squills.

After this old firm had successfully run their drug store in Kreigh's stove house, like Phoenix she raised, in a new building, from her ashes, and the veteran announced to the public, in the memorable words of Webster, "I still live"—on the east side of the square.

In June, 1860, the death of Mr. Corneau left the veteran alone; and, since then, he has been adding to the rapute of the old firm daily. To-day this old drug house is one of the best in the state, and the Monitor hopes it may ever stand a monument to its honest founders, and the old veteran, when he goes hence, smile upon it from his home above.—[Daily Monitor, Aug. 19, 1881.]

We invite special attention to Maxcy's advertisement in this issue. There are always many chances for great bargains at Maxcy's. You will be surprised to see his jewelry, watches and silverware and to learn the prices. There is no use of talking. This is the place to buy; and when you need anything in his line, call at northwest corner square.

Corkery & Triebke.

The above firm is composed of two young men that were born and reared in Springfield, and have been in the boot and shoe business but about two years, yet their business qualifications and fine display of their merchandise has enabled them to compete with many of the older firms in this trade. A new stock of goods has been received, and purchasers are invited to call on them at No. 105, north Fifth street. See "ad."

GEO. H. HELMLE, Architect, SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

Plans, specifications and detailed drawing furnished for buildings of every description.

J. RUCKEL

DEALER IN

Wall Paper, Window Shades,
Cornices, Mouldings, etc.

218 South Fifth et., bet. Adams
and Monroe, Springfield, Ill.

Across the Plains in 1849.

BY JOHN E. WEBER, OF PAWNEE.

MESSRS. EDITORS:

I am not in the habit of writing for the Press, but being connected with the Old Settlers' organization, and having received a special request from you to furnish some items of the journey of a company of old settlers of Sangamon, across the Plains, in 1849, to the golden shores of California, for publication, I will give an unvarnished statement of some of the many incidents of that expedition that were interesting to me.

As the name of your paper indicates that it is published in the interest of the old settlers of Sangamon, it may be proper for me to say that I located permanently in Sangamon, on the 16th of April, 1836. At that time only a small portion of the prairie lands of Illinois were in cultivation, and it was thought by many intelligent people that much of it never would be.

To give our young people and even some a correct idea of the condition of some of the prairies in the immediate vicinity of Springfield, at an early date, I will relate an incident which I thought quite amusing at that time. In the spring of 1837, one of the old settlers of Springfield who is still living in your city, received a pressing invitation to visit his friend T. S. who was then and is now living near Lick Creek, about six miles south of the public square. The invitation was accepted on condition that your correspondent should accompany him. The arrangements were made, and the time agreed upon. Our companion, being a printer, had no experience on horseback. The time came; the horses were furnished by the Livery man. A considerable portion of the ordure lying between Springfield and the Lick Creek timber was covered with water. We started out; our horses moved slowly, but were making a terrible splash of it. My companion became very much fatigued, and frequently said to me, "how much further have we to go?" and then remained silent as if disgusted with the ride, but after some splashing, raised his head as if thoroughly aroused, and said it—ever invites me to his house again I will whip him. This picture of the early condition of Sangamon is given to show that ever since then, our country and state has kept pace with the rapid settlement and wonderful improvements made in the states and territories west and northwest of us.

Soon after the discovery of gold in California, three companies of old settlers of Sangamon were organized in Springfield, and named, Nos. 1, 2, and 3 Illinois and California Mutual Insurance Company; each company subscribing to the same constitution.

Company No. 1, of which I was a member, was made up as follows, and in the order that I find their signatures attached to the constitution: Wm. B. Broadwell, B. A. Watson, Wm. P. Smith, C. E. White, Wm. Odenheimer, E. Fuller, Reb. Hodge, Henry Dorand, E. T. Cabiness, Thomas Billson, Lewis Johnson, Ben R. Reeves, John Rodham, B. F. Taylor, Jacob Uhler, B. R. Biddle, John B. Weber, John B. Watson, F. S. Dean, B. S. Dean, Albert Sattley, T. J. Whitehurst.

C. E. White, withdrew from the company at St. Joseph, Mo. Thos. Billson died in California. Henry Dorand died on his way home in 1850, and John B. Watson died in Springfield, soon after returning to his family, in 1852.

Company No. 2, consisting of eight members, were: P. W. Weber, Augustus Eastman, James Parkinson, Henry Shepherd, James Shepherd, Lewis Campbell, Joseph Crain, W. T. Moffett.

Augustus Eastman and Henry Shepherd died in California.

Company No. 3, was made up of three brothers, named Walters, who were farmers and residents of Auburn Township. One of them died in California.

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ney through rain and mud up to April 9, at 2:30 o'clock p. m. that day, we camped near salt river in Adair county, Mo. At this time the stoppers were all out, and the rain came down in torrents until 12 o'clock, at night, at which time we found ourselves encamped in mud and water ankle deep. Early next morning we pulled out; roads almost impassable; doubled teams at places to get along. We traveled two miles; found Lick Creek morning; was 19 feet deep and 40 feet wide; the situation was seen at a glance, and immediately some of our men commenced felling some of Uncle Sam's timber near by, while others rolled the logs into the stream, and still others in the water were building a bridge. This was done by rolling the first log into the water where it was securely fastened to the east side of the bank of the stream; then one log after another was rolled over it into the stream and lashed securely together with hickory withes and poles, until the work was completed by lashing securely to the western shore. Within four hours after reaching this stream, our train crossed over in safety, in the presence of a number of Missourians who had come to witness the crossing. We continued our journey westward, and reached St. Joseph on the 27th of April. After leaving in our progress for the journey, we moved to the west side of the river to recruit our teams, and on the 7th of May we pushed out for the Plains, with a journey in contemplation of over 2,000 miles, through a country uninhabited by white people, except at military stations; that day we traveled twelve miles, and in that short distance passed 128 ox teams pulling for the land of gold, with the road in front and rear of us lined with emigrants as far as we could see, and there seemed to be a general struggle for the front. On the 19th, after traveling 72 miles and passing 28 ox teams, we camped, and at night a meeting was held with other companies to organize an association for mutual protection.

The association was organized, and made up of 27 men from Ohio, 11 men from Indiana, and 31 men from Illinois. A constitution was adopted in all its provisions without a dissenting voice. Its 4th and 5th articles read as follows:

Article 4. Members shall not be allowed to quarrel among themselves, nor shall any member be allowed to drink intoxicating liquor, gamble, use improper language, labor on the sabbath, or do anything on Sunday that would be a violation of the law of the states of Ohio, Indiana or Illinois.

Article 5. All discussion between members of this association tending to create discord and contention, shall be carefully avoided.

These provisions were strictly adhered to and honored to the end.

Mr. John B. Watson of company No. 1, was elected superintendent of the association, and a commission from our member from each ten, of each company, was appointed to advise and assist the superintendent in the discharge of the several duties of his office.

On the 19th of May, we overtook a company from Louisville, Ky. with eight wagons of mule teams. As we passed them they were burying one of their members who they said was killed accidentally by drawing a loaded gun from a wagon. Their condition at the time, indicated that they had too much alcohol aboard.

On the 15th of June, we camped at Upper Plate ferry, on the south branch of the north branch of the Nebraska, to wait turn to cross the river. There we found many companies making preparations to cross. Turmoil and commotion prevailed all along the line. Wagons and men were taken over by the ferryman, but animals of every description were forced to swim the stream. Every man was doing something to get ready for his turn, and was adding something to the excitement and confusion, especially the ox drivers who had some practice in making noise; they performed their part admirably.

On the 19th our turn came to cross the river. We were then informed that the troops under Major Simonsen (an old man) would reach the ferry at three o'clock. Anxious to get out of the way all hands were ready, and made an extra effort to get our train over before their arrival. Our teams and all our wagons but two, with several of our men in charge of them, were on the west side of the river at 3 o'clock, and the two remaining wagons were drawn to the boat's landing ready to cross. The troops now reached the ferry, and under the order of Simonsen our wagons were pushed back from the landing, separating our men from their teams and provisions, and the remainder of the day was occupied in crossing the troops, but through the favor of the ferryman our two wagons and men were taken over after night. This was the only unfriendly interruption our company had to meet, from white men or Indians, anywhere between St. Joseph and the Sacramento river, and this would not have been submitted to without a struggle, if the advice of some of us had been respected, but our excellent superintendent, Mr. John B. Watson decided that it would be easier to submit than to resist, and we were bound by a sacred obligation to obey.

This was the kind of protection some of us received from a military commander, who we understood was sent out by our government to protect the emigration on the plains.

We kept the sabbath as a day of rest from a sense of christian duty, but experience proved that we could travel more miles than those who traveled seven days

in the week. Many companies passed our encampment on the sabbath, only to be repassed sometime during the week and at the end of every week figures proved that we had passed more companies than passed us on the preceding sabbath, showing conclusively that at the end of each week we had passed some companies that we had not passed before. There being but one wagon tract for the whole emigration, we could only pass the companies in front of us, while they were in camp, easily in the morning, at noon and in the evening, but this was easily done, with mules that commenced their sabbath rest on Saturday evening, generally on good grass, where they remained until the following Monday morning, but to one company, or a number of companies combined, with a long train of mule teams, we owe a debt of gratitude.

They passed our encampment several times on the sabbath, but when we would overtake them on the road, they would halt and say to us "we will let you pass because you rest on the sabbath, and we know you can travel faster than we can, but we will let no other train pass us." For these acts of kindness their members were ever afterward remembered with considerations of high respect by ours.

The Rev. Mr. Blakesly, a missionary for California, belonging (I think) to one of the branches of the Presbyterian church, and connected with a company that traveled on the sabbath, stopped with us, when convenient, on that day, preached to our company, and overtook his own afterward, probably the next day. After preaching to us several times, Mr. Richard Hodge of company No. 1, made a profession of religion.

On Sunday 22d of July, our encampment was encircled with steep hills, from 100 to 200 feet high, in a little valley not exceeding half a mile in diameter, and somewhat covered with grass. Through this valley runs a pretty little stream of pure water, about three feet wide, and nicely shaded by willow bushes. In this little stream Mr. Richard Hodge was baptized by immersion. The ordinance of baptism was administered by Rev. Mr. Blakesly, in the presence of all our companies. Dr. McKinzie of Cincinnati, Ohio, and several of his company were in attendance.

The sermon, in that beautiful encampment on that day, and the impressive exercises at the pure little stream, in that country, for hundreds of miles round inhabited only by uneducated, uncivilized and unclothed people, produced a solemn sensation that will be remembered by all who were there.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Don't fail to call at Fisher's, 504 south side square, and buy one of those triple silver-plated Ice Pitchers for only \$5.

To eat when you do not feel like it, is brutal—any, this is slander on the lower animals since they do not debauch themselves.

Fisher's is the place for everything to the jewelry line. Don't fail to call and get prices.

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GERMAN'S GALLERY.

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ALLEN B. WRISLEY'S
CHOICE AND DELICATE PERFUME AND
TOILET SOAPS
Are Equal to any Imported Goods, both in Strength of Color and Quality—Sold by All Druggists.

OLD SETTLERS TELEPHONE.

SPRINGFIELD, MAY, 1882.

Recollections of the Early Settlement of Sangamon County.

[For the Old Settlers Telephone.]

MR. EDITOR:—I herewith send you a leaf from my scrap-book, containing a paper read by Maj. ELIJAH ILES, before the Old Settler's Society, in 1850.

To the Secretary of the Old Settler's Society.

SIR:—That part of the State of Illinois known as Sangamo county, included all that vast territory extending North of the counties of Madison and Greene, to the state line, about 250 miles, and was organized into a new county in March 1821, then supposed to contain, about 500 inhabitants. At that date none of the lands had been in market and but few surveyed. At the session of the legislature of 1820 and 21, commissioners were appointed to locate a temporary county seat, which they did in March 1821, and gave it the name of Springfield, (now the city of Springfield the Capital of the State.) The commissioners in making the selection of the site, had an eye to the population and the most thickly settled neighborhood, for the accommodation of the courts. The names of the settlers then within two miles of the site, where old grandfather Kelly, John Kelly, Wm. Kelly, Andrew Elliott, Richard Dogget, Jacob Ellis, Levy Ellis, Peter and Abraham Lanterman, John Lindsay, and Samuel Little. The first settler in the new place was Charles R. Matheny, on whom all the county offices were bestowed by the Legislature; yet they were barely sufficient to give him a support. The next settler was myself, with a small stock of goods in June following. We had no other settlers in the place until the fall of 1822, and the spring of 1823. As it was Government land, all the cabins put up were very temporary. In 1823 a land office was located at Springfield; P. P. Enos, Receiver and Thomas Cox, Register; and the first land sales, were in

the fall of 1823. We had no competition and every settler got his land at government prices. The tract of land on which Springfield was located was bid off at sale by John Taylor, Thomas Cox, P. P. Enos and Elijah Iles, each purchasing one quarter section (160 acres) at \$1.25 per acre. The cabins were mostly erected on the tract I claimed and purchased; and I had agreed with them (the settlers,) that if I got the land they should have a lot donated them, at not more than cost.

Our legislature at their session, 1824-25 fixed more permanently the bounds of the county, making it about 50 miles square, which would be a pretty big county at this day, with all the country north attached, and appointed commissioners to select a site for a more permanent county seat. The commissioners while roaming over the country found several rival places to Springfield, the most formidable of which were Sangamo Town and a point on Sangamon river below the mouth of Spring Creek, about five miles north of Springfield, with no improvement, but a pretty place when you got to it. That point was entered by a company of our, then, most influential men in the county, and Springfield for a time, did not seem to have much show; but we had our Uncle Andy Elliott on hand, (this was in March 1825, waters high and mud deep). Being acquainted with the route and a good woodsman, he was selected to pilot them, which he did with honor to himself, and got them all back to Springfield, the same night together with a large crowd that accompanied them. Not having to swim on the route more than a dozen sloughs, nor pass over more than three-fourths the distance in deep marshy and overflowed lands, and in attempting to find a better route on their return, it was rather worsened instead of bettered; and it was remarked at the time, that Providence must have had something to do with it or some of the company would have been drowned. This was their last trip, and they and their horses were much fatigued. They were all good men and then ripe for making up their minds, particularly when they had learned that if Springfield was selected, an individual would pay them cash for their county orders at par. (Orders were then selling at about 25 cents.)

Mr. Enos and myself donated to the county about 25 acres of land, including the public square, on which the Capitol of the State is now [1850] erected. The selection, however, did not give satisfaction, nor did the bounds of the county, and for more than twenty years no one

had confidence in the place, and all improved as though they were ready at a moment to pull up stakes and be off. Petition after petition for dividing the county and the removal of the county seat caused this want of confidence and kept the town from growing, but these drawbacks have all passed, and the improvements now show what it is to have confidence. At the time our temporary county seat was located, the farthest settlement north of Springfield, was about twenty-five miles distant. Only two trails led to the county, one from St. Louis via Edwardsville, which passed about one mile east of Springfield to the settlement north of Sangamon river, the other by Carrollton to the Diamond Grove near where Jacksonville was afterwards located.

Stakes were set in March, 1821, for a trail or road, beginning on the road to Missouri, forty miles west of Vincennes, thence to Vandalia; thence a road to Greenville; thence stakes to Macoupin Point on the St. Louis trail to Sangamon river. My residence was then in Boonslick country, Missouri. I had lived there three years, but was on a visit to Kentucky, and on my return took this staked way to view the country; and myself and comrade, Samuel Wheeler, were the first to travel this route, just after the stakes were set. We found no cabin from the Vincennes road to Vandalia, forty miles, nor any cabin from near Greenville to Sugar Creek, thirty-five miles. After spending one day at Alexander Richey's on Sugar Creek, south of Springfield, my comrade getting impatient, we took the trail to St. Louis; then to Boonslick, my place of residence. We found but two cabins occupied from Sugar Creek to Edwardsville, sixty miles; one of these was Mr. Gaus Paddock's and the other Asa Shaw's, both then in Madison county. I kept up "a thinking" about Sangamo, and after arranging my little matters I was determined to give it another look and to take a route by which I could view more of Missouri on my way. I put out alone via Salt river, Louisiana, Mo.; Col. Ross' settlement, Ill.; mouth of Illinois river; Carrollton; Diamond Grove; head of Spring Creek, thence to Springfield. From the outer settlement on the Missouri river to Salt river, was about sixty miles. I camped out the first night, but at day-break I heard a chicken grow and a bell ring. Of course I was up in a hurry and put out to find the cabin which belonged to Mr. Bess. I crossed the Mississippi at Louisiana and swam the Illinois river near the mouth. On this route of two hundred miles I did not find more than fifty miles of trail or broke road.

After viewing the country, I determined to locate in Springfield; went to St. Louis and purchased a stock of goods, chartered a small keel boat in which I shipped and landed them on the bank of the Illinois river at the Sangamo Bay, now the town of Beardstown. My goods were left exposed on the banks of the river, and it was three weeks before I got them all hauled out to Springfield. Every article came safe; we had to pole and tow the boat all the trip up. The river was very low, and fordable in many places. We even had to hunt the channel for our craft. I came as supercargo, and after the boat had landed me and my goods and put out on its return to St. Louis, I sat watching it until it passed out of sight, and must say I felt lonesome and rather queer, but soon roused myself and put out to hunt a settler, whom I found four miles back of the river, and employed him to haul one load to Springfield. We found no direct trail after passing Mr. Job's, twelve miles out, and had to make for the most part a new trail to Springfield. I erected a hut with a cabin roof fifteen feet square, to hold part of my stock, leaving outside exposed such as salt, iron, castings and whisky, which appeared to be a very necessary article at that day, as no man could cut his wheat without it, nor get well of the ague. For several years I stored such articles in open sheds, or left them exposed without having them molested. In the fall of 1821, I went to St. Louis to lay in a new supply, and on my return found my store robbed and about every thing I left in the house gone. About one month after, suspicion rested on two families named Percifield, who had moved from Richland to Illinois Bluff, below Diamond Grove. I went down; had them searched, I found a number of articles such as had been stolen from me; but could not identify them, the marks being taken off. These men stood high in the community, and were about the most wealthy at that day in the country; but just before my search,

a man by the name of Newell, in the Illinois Bottom, had been robbed of several hundred dollars in specie; and my search made others suspect them of the theft together with two other men named Cotterel and Wilson. A company of regulars were formed with, I believe, Murray McConnell at their head. They shot and killed Wilson and drove the others out of the state, and for ten years after we had no trouble with thieves.

Emigration moved in very slowly, and up to the year 1830 the population could not be excelled for honesty, industry, and hospitality. At the time the first settlers erected their cabins, 1818, the Potawatomes and Kickapoo Indians had their villages scattered over the country, and continued to reside in them until about 1825. We found them peaceable, and they gave us no trouble. Their nearest village was North of Springfield, 80 miles. From their villages we got the blue grass seed that is scattered over the country, and that now makes such fine pasture. My trade with them was profitable.

Some of the Potawatomes never left the state. I saw an account, a few days since, of the death of one of their chiefs, (Sha-bo nee,) near Chicago. This chief I had often seen. He frequently accompanied the band that came to trade at Springfield.

The Winnebago Indians remained in the extreme north west part of the state until the year 1827. They, then, committed depredations and murders, and were immediately driven from the state, by the troops. This was styled the Winnebago campaign.

The Sac and Fox Indians resided on Rock river, 150 miles north of Springfield. Their villages were large, and they cultivated corn quite extensively. They commenced committing murders in 1831, and continued to murder and thief until 1832, when troops were organized, who drove them from the state. This campaign was called the Black Hawk war, (after the chief that headed the band.) In these campaigns, every man in this district that could, joined the troops, not enough being left to be company for the women. I served as major in the first, and as captain in the last campaign.

John Taylor moved into Springfield and opened a stock of goods in 1823; also March & Hamilton. Up to this time I had no competition, but the wants of the country were small. About this time the settlement extended north 60 to 70 miles. We still kept their trade at Springfield. In the year 1823, a young physician, Gersham Jayne, who had been in the country some four years, now located in town. (He is called the Old Doctor now.) His practice extended to the extreme settlements, 60 to 70 miles. He also had considerable practice among the Indians, and it is diverting to hear him tell how the Indians described the effect of his medi-

From 1820 to 1830, we had uninterrupted good seasons and bountiful crops every year. We raised cotton sufficient to supply our wants which came to perfect maturity. We had several cotton gins and our wives and daughters with their spinning wheels, cotton cards and looms supplied us with most of our wearing apparel. The consequence was we had no hard times. Many families made their own caps for winter wear from the skins of the raccoon, opossum, badger, fox, prairie wolf often with the tail left on for ornament. Our produce sold at prices about as follows: corn in the field 5 to 8 cents per bushel, and delivered in town or in the crib 10 to 15 cents. Pork \$1 00 to \$1 50 per hundred. Beef cattle 3 and 4 years old from \$8 to \$10. Milch cows \$5 to \$10 each, butter 5 cents, eggs 3 cents, venison hams per pair 25 to 37 cents. Prairie chickens nothing, etc.

During my first year in Springfield I boarded with old Grandfather Kelly, and I think of it as the most luxurious living of all my days; it suited me. It consisted of venison, turkey, prairie chicken, quail, squirrel, beef and enough pork to season; honey and the best of milk and butter, and the never-to-be-forgotten, corn dodger, and hoe cake (which we Kentuckians bake on a board and call it johnny cake.) Kelly being a North Carolinian baked on a hoe and called it hoe cake. To think of such a living and our frolicking times makes me almost wish to live my life over. From the first settlement in 1818 to 1823 our nearest Post Office was Edwardsville—eighty miles.

In addition there are many things incident to the first settlers which I think very interesting and does me good to think over what is better remembered and can be better explained by others.

ELIJAH ILES.

August 6th, 1850.

39th Anniversary of two Old Settlers' Marriage.

On Tuesday evening, 20th Dec., 1881, there was a re-union of Gov. Palmer's family, at his residence in this city, to participate in the celebration of the 39th anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Palmer.

The Old Settlers of Sangamon, at their annual meetings, on several occasions, have heard Gov. Palmer, tell of his courtship and marriage, in his most humorous style.

To the honor of Gov. Palmer, he is one of the great men, who has climbed up from a poor boy, nor has he ever been ashamed but rather proud to tell of it. His high position in his profession, and his elevation as governor of the great State of Illinois, and other high positions, has not spoilt him as man; he is as ever plain John M. Palmer, and in this noble trait of character he excels most all successful men.

At their 35th anniversary celebration, the following very interesting paper was read by Mrs. Dr. Matthews, the eldest daughter of Gov. Palmer, which we insert for the entertainment of our readers:

Our father came to Carlinville in 1839. Our mother came there with her father's family in 1841. On Thursday, December 20th, 1842, John Macauley Palmer and Malinda Ann Neely were married. The weather was very cold, windy and a little snowy. The hour was "at early candle-light"—the place, the residence of the bride's parents, in the northwestern part of Carlinville, in a house afterwards occupied by the widow Bates. A part of this house is still standing and is nearly opposite Mr. Kceler's on the west. It was built in old-time fashion, and the wedding supper was spread in a large room several yards from the room in which the ceremony was performed. First in order comes the list of relatives present of the bridegroom's family: Miss Elizabeth A. Palmer, now Mrs. S. T. Mayo, of Carlinville. Mr. Chas. Palmer, who afterwards went to California and fell a victim to the privations of that long overland journey. Mr. Frank Palmer, who afterwards married Miss Mary E. Dalrymple—lived in Carlinville many years—moved to Litchfield and died there in 18.... Of the bride's relatives were her father, mother, her brothers Asber and Thomas, her sisters Amanda [afterwards Mrs. Pence], Martha [now Mrs. Head, of Chicago], Sarah [now Mrs. Slack, of Wyoming]. Of these, father, mother, Thomas and Amanda are dead. Then there were Aunt Malinda McLarning, Uncle McLarning, consins Tom, Mary, Ed., Eliza and Virginia—of these Uncle McLarning, Eliza and Mary are gone. The attendants were Miss Susan Dugger, [now Mrs. Woods, of Jacksonville, who "stood up" with John A.

Chesnut, of Springfield], Miss Katharine Keller and Mr. Srade Cottor, of Carlinville; Miss Keller afterwards married Mr. Cottor, and died many years ago. Meijor Burke was there with his bride, Miss Em. Keller, [having been married the previous month—both now dead. The names of most of the other ladies were: Miss Jane Keller, Miss Caroline Walker [now Mrs. Phelps, of Carlinville], Miss Virginia Winchester, Miss Fess Winchester, [afterwards Mrs. Matthews, of Missouri], Miss Dode Hamilton, [afterwards Mrs. William Weer], Miss Isabella Hamilton, [now Mrs. Robert Glass], Miss Sallie Smith, Miss Susan Bagby [afterwards Mrs. Dooley]. None of these ladies are now living except Mrs. Phelps and Mrs. Glass. It is impossible, after so many years, to remember all, but it is certain that these with many more were present: A. McKim DuBois, Dan Bagby, Dr. Woods, Mr. Charles Adams, of Jerseyville, and the Rev. Dr. Smith, Methodist minister, who performed the ceremony. Of these friends and relatives, so far as known, only sixteen remain.

But to return. The bride wore a white Swiss dress, Pompadour neck, elbow sleeves, short waist, plain skirt, rather short, scant, and a wide hem around the bottom. Her hair was arranged in long black curls in front and a coil at the back, and she had lace mits and kid slippers, and you will all be glad to hear that she was a loyal daughter of her native Kentucky, and her slippers were the traditional No. 1's. Her bridesmaids wore similarly attired. The bridegrooms wore the conventional black: swallow-tail coat, black satin vest and black satin stock. He forgets whether he wore gloves or not, but rather thinks not. The trousseau was purchased in Springfield from C. M. Smith. Her father made the trip on horseback, and think of this ye owners of Saratoga trucks; it was brought home in saddlebags.

Our grandmother was a famous Kentucky cook and housekeeper, but on the day of the wedding she was so overcome that she went to bed in hystericks and left the management of affairs to the ever ready Aunt Malinda. In those days there was a certain old Aunt Mary; a colored woman once owned by the late David A. Smith, of Jacksonville, who brought his slaves to Illinois and set them free at an early day. She was a famous cook, and was sent for on all festive occasions, such as weddings, infairs, balls, etc. She cooked while Aunt Malinda planned, and the bride herself was not above lending her aid, and the bridesmaids came in to put the finishing touches, and the result was that such a supper was spread as these degenerate days can never dream of, much less produce. Turkey, chicken, quail, prairie chicken, roast pig, ham, venison, light bread, beat biscuit, preserves, the real old-fashioned kind [none of your insipid canned fruit], bride's cake, pound cake, fruit cake, etc., etc., ad inf., jellies and pickles of every sort, coffee of the genuine Kentucky brand, not brought on in little cups to finish up with according to the stingy modern custom, but drank at the beginning, middle and right straight through the meal, strong enough to bear an egg, and served with real cream. Imagine a table spread with these good things [remember they were all cooked at the fire-place] and lighted with tallow candles and the blaze of the roaring fire in the wide, open chimney corner—this goodly company standing around it—and you will conclude that our ancestors liked good living as well as we do, and knew rather better how to prepare it.

On the Sunday following Aunt McLarning gave a family dinner party, upon which occasion the bride wore her handsome second day's dress. It was the custom then for the bridegroom's family to give an infair immediately after the wedding, but as his father lived so far away the dinner at Aunt Malinda's was substituted.

Two weeks after the wedding these young people commenced housekeeping. Father borrowed a horse from Sam Keller and went in a sleigh—a dry goods box on runners—to Alton, where he bought a complete outfit, as follows: 50 pounds of brown sugar for \$2.50, 22½ pounds best coffee \$2.50, a tea-kettle, coffee-pot, shovel and tongs, skillet for baking biscuits, frying pan and oven for baking cakes and light bread in the fire-place. He was guilty of only one extravagance. He bought a beautiful tea set of china, with gilt hand and tiny sprig of blue flowers. These things he brought back in the cutter the next day and they were ready for housekeeping. Beds, bedding, etc., belonging to our mother, a cherry wood bureau owned by father, and made by one Josiah Ryan, a cupboard and wardrobe combined, which held the clothes, the dishes and the books, a set of split-bottomed chairs forms a complete list of their household furniture; Josiah Ryan, by the way, was afterwards engaged to make an extensive and strong cradle, and so well did he perform the work that it has withstood the kicks of nine children and three grandchildren, and is none the worse for wear to this day. The first purchase made by the bridegroom as a family man was follows: He rode fourteen miles in a bitter north wind to try a lawsuit—charged five dollars, and took his pay in corn meal at 25 cents per bushel. It was hauled the fourteen miles, and delivered in open barrels, six in number, and made a pretty good supply for a family of three persons. I will say right here that in those days the highest praise that could be paid a married man was to call him a "good provider," and our father, being naturally ambitious, determined to secure that praise, and that explains his liberal ideas on the supply question. He reaped his reward, for one of the first things I remember is hearing some of my mother's visitors compliment her on the fact that "John was a good provider." The same winter he took for a law fer 330 bushels of corn for the use of his one cow, and killed and salted down nearly a thousand pounds of pork. Their cow was a good one and cost eight dollars, and \$60 was the price of the best horse in the county.

The house in which they commenced life together was a large one for the times. It stood on northwest corner of the new court house square—the rent was \$3 per month. Before his marriage father boarded at the best hotel in town for \$5.50 per week. He soon bought the square on which Mrs. Thos. Cundall lives, and the house which stands next to the calaboose. Here the old cradle began its work, and so well did it perform its duty that from that time to this it has seldom been empty. Seven daughters, three sons, one daughter-in-law, three sons-in-law, four grandsons and two grand-daughters have been added to the number up to December 20th, 1877, but according to the old saying, "Till no man's fortune till he be dead," we will leave the list open until the 50th anniversary.

One hundred cake baskets for \$8.50 each, at Fisher's, 504 south side square.

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But to return. The bride wore a white Swiss dress, Pompadour neck, elbow sleeves, short waist, plain skirt, rather short, scant, and a wide hem around the bottom. Her hair was arranged in long black curls in front and a coil at the back, and she had lace mits and kid slippers, and you will all be glad to hear that she was a loyal daughter of her native Kentucky, and her slippers were the traditional No. 1's. Her bridesmaids wore similarly attired. The bridegrooms wore the conventional black; swallow-tail coat, black satin vest and black satin stock. He forgets whether he wore gloves or not, but rather thinks not. The trousseau was purchased in Springfield from C. M. Smith. Her father made the trip on horseback, and think of this ye owners of Saratoga trunks; it was brought home in saddlebags.

Our grandmother was a famous Kentucky cook and housekeeper, but on the day of the wedding she was so overcome that she went to bed in hysterics and left the management of affairs to the ever ready Aunt Malinda. In those days there was a certain old Aunt Mary; a colored woman once owned by the late David A. Smith, of Jacksonville, who brought his slaves to Illinois and set them free at an early day. She was a famous cook, and was sent for on all festive occasions, such as weddings, infairs, balls, etc. She cooked while Aunt Malinda planned, and the bride herself was not above lending her aid, and the bridesmaids came in to put the finishing touches, and the result was that such a supper was spread as these degenerate days can never dream of, much less produce. Turkey, chicken, quail, prairie chicken, roast pig, ham, venison, light bread, beat biscuit, preserves, the real old-fashioned kind [none of your insipid canned fruit], bride's cake, pound cake, fruit cake, etc., etc., and inf., jellies and pickles of every sort, coffee of the genuine Kentucky brand, not brought on in little cups to finish up with according to the stingy modern custom, but drank at the beginning, middle and right straight through the meal, strong enough to bear an egg, and served with real cream. Imagine a table spread with these good things [remember they were all cooked at the fire-place] and lighted with tallow candles and the blaze of the roaring fire in the wide, open chimney corner—this goodly company standing around it—and you will conclude that our ancestors liked good living as well as we do, and knew rather better how to prepare it.

On the Sunday following Aunt McLarning gave a family dinner party, upon which occasion the bride wore her handsome second day's dress. It was the custom then for the bridegroom's family to give an infair immediately after the wedding, but as his father lived so far away the dinner at Aunt Malinda's was substituted.

Two weeks after the wedding these young people commenced housekeeping. Father borrowed a horse from Sam Keller and went in a sleigh—a dry goods box on runners—to Alton, where he bought a complete outfit, as follows: 50 pounds of brown sugar for \$2.50, 23½ pounds best coffee \$2.50, a tea-kettle, coffee-pot, shovel and tongs, skillet for baking biscuits, frying pan and oven for baking cakes and light bread in the fire-place. He was guilty of only one extravagance. He bought a beautiful tea set of china, with gilt band and tiny sprig of blue flowers. These things he brought back in the center the next day and they were ready for housekeeping. Beds, bedding, etc., belonging to our mother, a cherry wood bureau owned by father, and made by one Josiah Ryan, a cupboard and wardrobe combined, which held the clothes, the dishes and the books, a set of split-bottomed chairs forms a complete list of their household furniture; Josiah Ryan, by the way, was afterwards engaged to make an extensive and strong cradle, and so well did he perform the work that it has withstood the kicks of nine children and three grandchildren, and is none the worse for wear to this day. The first purchase made by the bridegroom as a family man was follows: He rode fourteen miles in a bitter north wind to try a lawsuit—charged five dollars, and took his pay in corn meal at 25 cents per bushel. It was hauled the fourteen miles, and delivered in open barrels, six in number, and made a pretty good supply for a family of three persons. I will say right here that in those days the biggest praise that could be paid a married man was to call him a "good provider," and our father, being naturally ambitious, determined to secure that praise, and that explains his liberal ideas on the supply question. He reaped his reward, for one of the first things I remember is hearing some of my mother's visitors compliment her on the fact that "John was a good provider." The same winter he took for a law fee 330 bushels of corn for the use of his one cow, and killed and salted down nearly a thousand pounds of pork. Their cow was a good one and cost eight dollars, and \$60 was the price of the best horse in the county.

The house in which they commenced life together was a large one for the times. It stood on northwest corner of the new court house square—the rent was \$3 per month. Before his marriage father boarded at the best hotel in town, or \$5.50 per week. He soon bought the square on which Mrs. Thos. Cundall lives, and the house which stands next to the calaboose. Here the old cradle began its work, and so well did it perform its duty that from that time to this it has seldom been empty. Seven daughters, three sons, one daughter-in-law, three sons-in-law, four grandsons and two grand-daughters have been added to the number up to December 20th, 1877, but according to the old saying, "Tell no man's fortune till he be dead," we will leave the list open until the 50th anniversary.

Major Iles' Will.

The following is the text of Major Iles' will, admitted to probate:

I, Elijah Iles, of the city of Springfield, county of Sangamon and State of Illinois, a citizen of the United States, born in the State of Kentucky, March 28, 1796, make this, my last will and testament revoking all others:

First—In consideration of the love and affection I bear to my blood relations, I devise and bequeath to each one named below, a part or portion of all the proceeds of all the real and personal estate of which I may die possessed (after paying all my debts, which may be few, or probably none), which portion or share is to be paid to each one named below, to-wit: To the following named children of my sister, Polly Boyd, vs. Cyrus, William, Elijah and Spencer, each one share, or if any die or have died, then the widow of said deceased, and to her grandchildren, Helen Reynolds and Mary Bigstaff, each a half share. To the following named children of my brother, William Iles, viz: Minerva, Thomas, Clarissa, Jane, Mary and William, each one share. To the following named children of my brother, Washington Iles, viz: Elizabeth, Cordella, Ann, Washington, Elijah, Virginia and Edward, each one share, and to the heirs of his daughter Malinda, one share. To the following named children of my sister Elizabeth, viz: Parthena Singleton, Thomas and Reuben McDannold, Mary Melton and Elijah Snowbridge, each one share. To my half brother, Thos. J. Iles, three shares.

Secondly—I appoint Norman M. Broadwell and Obed Lewis, executors of this, my last will and testament, and do hereby authorize them and empower them, or the survivor of them, to sell and convey all the real estate and personal property of which I may die possessed, in manner and on such terms as they may deem best, and of the proceeds, pay the portion or share to each one named, in a convenient and reasonable time. In the event of the death of any one named above, then the portion or share of the deceased to be paid to his or her offspring, or if such deceased person leave no offspring, then his or her share to cease, and be as though it was not devised, and the other shares proportionately increased. And now, inasmuch I do not owe or expect to owe anything, I direct and request that no security or bond be required from my above named executors.

In witness, whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, the first day of June, 1877.

ELIJAH ILES.

Signed and acknowledged by Elijah Iles, the testator, as his last will, in our presence, and we have subscribed our names as witnesses, in his presence and at his request.

C. W. MATHENY,
FRANK W. TRACY,
CODICIL.

Whereas, I, Elijah Iles, of the city of Springfield, Illinois, have heretofore made my last will and testament, without making provision therein for devoting any part of my real estate to public purposes.

Now, this is to remedy said omission in my will, and by way of codicil, I do hereby authorize and empower my executors, in said will named, or the survivor of them, within their or his discretion, to subdivide, plat and lay off, any of my said lands before selling same, and to donate and dedicate such portions thereof, to public highways and to parks, as they may think best and expedient.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto subscribed my name, this sixth day of November, A. D., 1880. ELIJAH ILES.

Witnesses: GARRETT ELKIN, CHAS. P. KANE.

Probably from every port in the world vessels were fitted out during the winter. In the spring all beasts of burdens were mustered in: Horses, mules, oxen, and even cows being pressed into the service to transport the eager, hopeful, expectant fortune seekers to the golden fields. In Springfield several companies were organized to join this innumerable throng in their march towards the setting sun. To tell the story, relate the experience and incidents happening to one of these companies is the object of this sketch:

This company was composed of James Leggett, Eli Cook, Henry Johnson, Michael McDaniel, J. C. Henkle, Daniel Leary, Joseph Condell and Reuben McDonald. A week or two before starting, love overcoming greed, Cooke Hinkle, allowed his sweetheart to persuade him that it would be better for him to get married and stay at home. So he sold out his interest in the company to E. C. Matheny.

On the 19th day of April, 1849, this company started from Springfield to St. Joseph, Mo., or some other good starting place on the Missouri river. Mr. Cook having previously been sent to St. Louis to purchase supplies and ship them up the river. They started out with two wagons, supposed to be first class, made expressly for the trip, of well-seasoned stuff, calculated to withstand any amount of banging about among the Rockies, turning summersaults down the mountain side, if necessary. Their stock consisted of ten mules, one half of them were very fine ones, and a couple of cream colored mustangs imported direct from Mexico, by Maj. Robert Allen. With the mustangs they expected to catch the unwearied buffalo, or chase the wild antelope over the plain. They were fortunate in passing those mustangs, at least they thought so. No company started out under more seemingly favorable auspices—none were better equipped. Also a jolly good company of fellows—fine stock and superior wagons. Their first camping place was near Edmund Taylor's about four miles west of Springfield. Things went a little bit awkward but it was new

however, they were fortunate enough to encamp near a traveling blacksmith shop and had all the wheels reset.

For the first hundred miles or more of the road the cholera was fearful. Many were sick and died. An awful gloom seemed to settle upon all. The roadside was lined with graves. People appeared panic stricken and it was feared that many were buried before life had fairly left them. In about a week perhaps, the cholera was left behind. About this time Cook's company joined a company under a Dr. Livermore from the northern part of the state. Cook was elected captain. They traveled with this company about two weeks. By this time all the glamour of the thing had worn off, and they saw the tip as it really was. They saw all the mistakes that had been made. The trip is one well calculated to try men. The inner man comes to the surface. Under a different condition of things a trip across the plains might have been made very pleasant but this company in all its appointments was one stupendous failure. It possessed in an eminent degree none of the elements necessary to make the trip a successful or pleasant one. Their wagons were on general principles absolute frauds, poorly made of poor material. Their commissary department had been badly managed. Other companies had varieties of food, while this company was tied down to side bacon, white beans and hard tack called army biscuit. They were hard. By soaking them over night, in the morning you could shave them off with an axe into pieces small enough to soak in our coffee. They also had tea, coffee and sugar. Then the men composing the company were in no wise fitted for that kind of a trip. In the first place, probably seven more contrary, stubborn men were never associated together for any enterprise.

Mr. Cook was a very kind hearted clever gentleman. Probably a good hater and had made a very acceptable mayor of the city of Springfield, but knew nothing about handling a team of mules or conducting a company of emigrants through an uninhabited country; he had no genius or capacity for extricating his

with one room, excited
tion of many thousand people
house, in its several departments,
ways well stocked with every quality and
style of goods, so artistically displayed
as to please the finest taste of the crowds
that throng the spacious rooms. This
deservedly popular house (S. E. corner
of Square) leads the boom, in the Dry
Goods and Carpet line, in Springfield.

Always,
Hats,

ILLINOIS
SPRINGFIELD
QUARTER
SIDE STREET
311

HERMANN

Major Iles' Will.

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In witness, whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, the first day of June, 1877.

ELIJAH ILES.

Signed and acknowledged by Elijah Iles, the testator, as his last will, in our presence, and we have subscribed our names as witnesses, in his presence and at his request.

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In witness whereof, I have hereunto subscribed my name, this sixth day of November, A. D. 1880.

ELIJAH ILES.

Witnesses: GARRETT ELKIN, CHAS. P. KANE.

OLD SETTLERS TELEPHONE.

SPRINGFIELD, OCTOBER, 1883.

"THE VISITORS' GUIDE TO THE CITY OF SPRINGFIELD," issued recently by the Young Men's Christian Association, and printed neatly at the State Register office, is full of valuable information, not only to the visitor and stranger, but to citizens. The Young Men's Christian Association is continually doing some good thing. Call at their Rooms 224½ South Fifth Street.

Editors of the O. S. Telephone.

THE GOLD FEVER OF 1848.

The people living not only in this but in almost every civilized country will remember the winter of 1849.

Gold! For which—

The merchant ploughs the mine,
The stranger ploughs the meadow.

had been discovered in almost fabulous quantities in California. The credulous world believed the seemingly impossible stories told about the shining metal lying around loose, simply waiting for the hervester to gather it in, and the whole people were thrown into a kind of feverish excitement. Nothing else was talked of. If you met a friend in the street the first question was, "Are you going to California?" So great was the expectancy in regard to the gold that I remember of hearing one of our bankers (who is still living) speculating and figuring on the possibility of gold becoming so plenty that it would no longer be coined into money, but simply used in manufactures as iron, brass, etc.

All means of reaching that Mecca of human hopes were called into requisition. Probably from every port in the world vessels were fitted out during the winter. In the spring all beasts of burden were mustered in: Horses, mules, oxen, and even cows being pressed into the service to transport the eager, hopeful, and possibly fortune seekers to the golden fields. In Springfield several companies were organized to join this innumerable throng in their march towards the setting sun. To tell the story, relate the experience and incidents happening to one of these companies is the object of this sketch.

This company was composed of James Leggett, Eli Cook, Henry Johnson, Michael McDaniell, J. C. Henkle, Daniel Leary, Joseph Condel and Reuben McDonald. A week or two before starting, love overcoming greed, Cooke Hinkle, allowed his sweetheart to persuade him that it would be better for him to get married and stay at home. So he sold out his interest in the company to E. C. Matheny.

On the 19th day of April, 1849, this company started from Springfield to St. Joseph, Mo., or some other good starting place on the Missouri river. Mr. Cook having previously been sent to St. Louis to purchase supplies and ship them to the river. They started out with two wagons, supposed to be first class, made expressly for the trip, of well-seasoned stuff, calculated to withstand any amount of lugging about among the Rockies, turning summersaults down the mountain side, if necessary. Their stock consisted of ten mules, one half of them were very fine ones, and a couple of cream colored mustangs imported direct from Mexico, by Maj Robert Allen. With the mustangs they expected to catch the unwary buffalo, or chase the wild antelope over the plain. They were fortunate in possessing those mustangs, at least they thought so. No company started out under more seemingly favorable auspices—none were better equipped. Also a jolly good company of fellows—fine stock and superior wagons. Their first camping place was near Edmund Taylor's about four miles west of Springfield. Things went a little bit awkward but it was new and was so much fun. But there had been a great deal of rain; the roads were hed, and by the time they reached Jacksonville they concluded to go to St. Louis and do the rest of the camping out, especially while in the pale of civilization on a steamboat. A pleasant trip of eight or ten days on board the steamer Sacramento brought them safely to St. Joseph, Mo. They were landed on the west side of the river opposite the city, where they found thousands of fortune seekers waiting to get away. There they pitched their tents towards California.

When they left St. Louis the cholera was very bad. The steamer that left the day before the Sacramento lost about one-half of its passengers. The cholera was also bad at St. Joseph, and among those encamped on the opposite side. There Mr. Leggett was taken down with it; he was carried over to St. Joseph, Esquire Cook going with him, and staying with, and nursing him to the end, for he died and was buried there. This probably among other things, discouraged and made homesick Mr. Leary and he, with the consent of the rest of the company, sold out to James Gormley, who had started out with another Springfield company, but becoming disinterested left them.

All things being ready, on or about the 15th day of May 1849, this company which I shall designate as Cook's company, started out from the Missouri river and commenced its pilgrimage, and now the ball is opened; the fun is commenced. They have left their homes; they are no longer to be entrained by the rules of

civilization; houses are to be to them as things of the past; their future homes, no telling how long, are to be the tented plains; their future neighbors Indians and prairie-dogs; the rest of the trip was to be one long bunting spree. McDaniell was selected to take charge of, and drive one of the teams; Johnson the other. The teams were driven the old way, with one rein. The teams are harassed—the whips crack—the pants start up—the wagons creek and they are off. The boys are careering back and forth on their tireless mustangs; the song and jest is heard, and all is merry as the marriage bell. But before they had gotten out of the Missouri river bottom somewhat of a dumper was thrown upon their spirits. The road was bad; late rains and much travel had made many bad holes and the hind wheel of one of their wagons slipped into one of these, some foolishly observant person passing, remarked that the wheel dished the wrong way or at least different from the others, and as they wished to have them uniform on account of look, and was less trouble to take one back than the other, it was decided to roll the wheel back to St. Joseph and have it changed, to conform with the balance. This pleasant duty devolved upon Matheny and McDaniell, they being the boys of the party. There wasn't much fun in it (it was six miles thick, very wet and muddy) but they did it, though a full day was lost. Before they had gone ten miles further, other wheels seemed to be in the same fix. In point of fact there seemed to be a continual swinging motion of the hubs in the wheels that was different from other wagons. Some of them supposed it was a new kind of spring—nothing could be wrong about those wagons, but others, wiser, saw that it was radically wrong, and they soon found that the wheels, quite important feature in the make up of the wagon, was simply "no good." Just at this time however, they were fortunate enough to encounter now a traveling blacksmith shop and had all the wheels reset.

For the first hundred miles or more of the road the cholera was fearful. Many were sick and died. An awful gloom seemed to settle upon all. The roadside was lined with graves. People appeared in a panic stricken and it was feared that many were buried before life had fairly left them. In about a week perhaps, the cholera was left behind. About this time Cook's company joined a company under a Dr. Livermore from the northern part of the state. Cook was elected captain. They traveled with this company about two weeks. By this time all the glamour of the thing had worn off, and they saw the trip as it really was. They saw all the mistakes that had been made. The trip is one well calculated to try men. The inner man comes to the surface. Under a different condition of things a trip across the plains might have been made very pleasant but this company in all its appointments was one stupendous failure. It possessed in an eminent degree none of the elements necessary to make the trip a successful or pleasant one. Their wagons were on general principles absolute frauds, poorly made of poor material. Their commissary department had been badly managed. Other companies had varieties of food, while this company was tied down to side bacon, white beans and hard tack called army biscuit. They were hard. By soaking them over night, in the morning you could shove them off with an axe into pieces small enough to soak in our coffee. They also had tea, coffee and sugar. Then the men composing the company were in no way fitted for that kind of a trip. In the first place, probably seven more contrary, stubborn men were never associated together for any enterprise.

Mr. Cook was a very kind hearted clever gentleman. A probably a good leader and had made a very acceptable mayor of the city of Springfield, but knew nothing about handling a team of mules or conducting a company of emigrants through an uninhabited country; he had no genius or capacity for extricating his company from any of the delumens incident to the trip.

Mr. Johnson was a farmer; perhaps could follow the plough or could make a good hand in the harvest field, but was no where in this kind of an expedition.

Gormley was a good shoemaker and a good fellow generally, but here he was entirely out of his element.

Jo. Condel was a gentleman and scholar, a fine clerk and bookkeeper, and a very fair poet, but knew less than any body of the duties pertaining to this business. To illustrate, the writer of this saw him once trying to bridle a mule. He had the bit in the mule's mouth and was trying to put the headstall over its head, but he had the bridle turned wrong side out, consequently the brow band would not let it go over. So he called out to me—"Here! what is the matter with this bridle? I can't get it on." I told him the bridle was all right but that he must get the mule on the other side of it. He did as I said and he got the bridle on.

Reuben McDonald was a nice clever boy; had lived on a farm; knew how to feed pigs and milk cows; could hitch up a team and go out and gather a load of corn, and do all the labors pertaining to his business as well as any other boy; was a good faithful friend, to be relied on in an emergency as was afterwards proved, but all this availed him precious little on such an expedition.

Cook Matheny, a few years his senior, knew perhaps less than Reuben about this business, having been brought up in town. He had learned something about driving one or two horses in a huggy—or

something of that sort, but had no acquaintance with mules; never had opportunity of studying their habits and customs, and all he knew of this kind of life was obtained from reading some Rocky mountain stories.

McDonald did know, he was a genius; he could drive; knew how to take care of the mules; could mend a wagon; could cook, hunt or do any of the many things as needed in traveling thus with wagons—but unfortunately this fact, knowing and feeling his superiority to the rest of the company, tended to make him selfish and domineering.

*With all these discordant elements the trip could not be a very pleasant one.

To give some idea of the immensity of travel that year I will state: This company started from the Missouri river one month after the head of the seeming solid column, but by their rapid traveling passed trains every day, yet at Ft. Laramie, seven hundred miles from the river, they were informed that by actual count three thousand wagons were ahead of them.

Other companies ahead having scared it away, they saw very little game of any kind: ax or seven buffaloes, a Rocky mountain sheep, a jack rabbit or two, comprising about the whole. The wretched mustangs were a fraud and soon gave out. So with some of the mules.

TO BE CONTINUED.

We invite special attention to JOHN BRESSMER'S "ad." in this paper. His stock of Fall and Winter Dry Goods, now opened and opening, has been selected with great care, to supply the wants and please the tastes of his numerous customers. Mr. Bressmer's magnificent display of Carpets, Rugs, Curtains, and our late county Fair, having been with one ribbon, excited the admiration of many thousands of people. In his several departments, ways well stocked with every quality and style of goods, so artistically displayed as to please the finest taste of the crowds that throng the spacious rooms. This deservedly popular house (S. E. corner of Square) leads the boom, in the Dry Goods and Carpet line, in Springfield.

August 9, 1889

Journal
DAILY ILLINOIS

SANGAMON'S SETTLERS.

THEY HAVE A REMARKABLY SUCCESSFUL PICNIC AT PAWNEE.

Three Ladies Have Their Collar Bones Broken—Other Matters.

Old settlers and young settlers gathered yesterday in Weber's grove, near Pawnee, in such numbers that the initiated declared there never before was such a crowd at the annual picnic of the Old Settlers' Society of Sangamon County. There were several thousand persons in the grove, of ages varying from the infant in arms to the venerable Uncle Elias Wilcox, who was born in Kentucky, Aug. 12, 1789. The day was perfect and so was the crowd. There was no liquor, no fighting, no pickpockets—nothing that could mar the harmony of the occasion, with one exception. The honesty of the people is shown in the return of a gold watch and three or four pocket-books, filled with money, which were picked up on the grounds. An honest man picked up and delivered a fine gold watch to Mr. Diller and no claimant appeared until Mr. Diller returned to the city, when Mr. O. H. Oldroyd reported that his wife's watch was gone and identified the one picked up in the grove. Several lost children were picked up on the grounds and returned to their parents.

The only cloud that was cast upon the pleasure of the day was due to the accident which occurred near Pawnee before the picnic. William Swalm and J. M. Rape had arranged to take their wives, and Mrs. Jane Porterfield was with them. For the convenience and pleasure of the ladies they were allowed to go in one buggy, and the gentleman was in the other. Both horses were considered trustworthy, but the one driven by the ladies shied at the train on the new railroad. Mr. Swalm tried to hold him by the bridle, but the buggy was near a small ditch, and was overturned, throwing all the ladies out. They were taken to the residence of Dr. D. A. Drennan, where they had the best care and attention from the physician and his wife. It was found that each of the ladies had the same injury, a fracture of the left collar bone. Mrs. Swalm was the least injured and seemed to have sustained no other injury, but the other two were more or less bruised, and it is feared were injured internally. There was a report current upon the grounds that one of the ladies died during the afternoon, but there was no foundation for it. All the sufferers were taken in the afternoon to their homes in Auburn. Mr. Swalm will be remembered as the night clerk of the Leland Hotel during several years, and later at the St. Nicholas. He is now a prosperous farmer.

Among the notables present were Uncle Elias Wilcox and Maj. Cutwright, the ancient colored man who claims an age considerably over 100 years. The other old settlers on the platform gave their names, residence and ages as follows:

F. J. Clayton, Glenham.....	1827
Nathan Fletcher, Auburn.....	1816
Alex. A. Clayton, Glenham.....	1828
Miss Elizabeth Anderson, Rensselaer.....	1834
Andrew Anderson, Rensselaer.....	1831
Richard Muller, Pawnee.....	1817
Mrs. Miriam Sulter, Springfield.....	1824
Dan el J. Walker, Springfield.....	1822
Robert O. Walker, Springfield.....	1832
James Parkinson, Springfield.....	1805
John DeCamp, Springfield.....	1800
John E. Roll, Springfield.....	1814
P. J. Frazer, Edinburg.....	1832
William S. Werley, Hinesboro.....	1822
Joseph Meredith, Taylorville.....	1813
Joseph A. Whitcraft, Edinburg.....	1819
Samuel Davidson, Pawnee.....	1818
Henry Shupp, Bell.....	1823
William H. Fowkes, Springfield.....	1810
Jacob Wilght, Glenham.....	1807
Henry Harper, Pawnee.....	1813
William N. Lord, Rochester.....	1810
Mrs. William N. Lord, Rochester.....	1810
Thomas Beerup, Glenham.....	1818
Stephen Sulvely, Pawnee.....	1823
George Saunders, Pawnee.....	1811
M. A. Bruce, Springfield.....	1810
Joseph Dodds, Auburn.....	1824
James Rose, Glenham.....	1826
Mrs. James Rose, Glenham.....	1810
H. R. Davis, Pawnee.....	1832
Isaac A. Hawley, Springfield.....	1829
Thomas Shepard, Woodside.....	1836
James M. Moore, Springfield.....	1807
Mrs. M. A. Warford, Auburn.....	1826
Mrs. S. Enyrt, Pawnee.....	1834
Mrs. Mary Sauters, Pawnee.....	1818
Mrs. Mary Fry, Pawnee.....	1819
Mrs. M. J. Williamson, Auburn.....	1822
Mrs. L. Richardson, Edinburg.....	1823
J. P. Williamson, Auburn.....	1818
Mrs. Martha Ann Jones.....	1815
Mrs. Helen Sanford, West, Springfield.....	1828
Mrs. Sarah Haines, New City.....	1823
Wesley Haines, New City.....	1823
Mrs. Evelyn Haines, Kansas.....	1817
George P. Weber, Pawnee.....	1808
Mrs. M. W. Smith, Massachusetts.....	1807
Mrs. Anna Fry, Glenham.....	1824
Mrs. Eliza Wheeler, Pawnee.....	1810
Mrs. Edie S. Reynolds, Highland.....	1819
Jacob Boyd, Cotton Hill.....	1807
Mrs. Rebecca Boyd, Cotton Hill.....	1812
Mrs. M. L. Henkle, Lees Junction.....	1825
M. L. Henkle, Lees Junction.....	1827
Mr. Maria Brunk, Cotton Hill.....	1812
Nana Flynn, Edinburg.....	1829
Mrs. Barbara Buchanan, Springfield.....	1812
Miss Harriett Mollohon, Pawnee.....	1815
Charles Mollohon, Pawnee.....	1817
J. Buckel, Springfield.....	1815
John B. Weber, Pawnee.....	1810

Mr. Samuel O. Maxcy began the speaking and Judge James H. Matheny followed. He presented the regrets of Judge McCaskill of Taylorville. Mrs. R. W. Diller was the next talker, and his lively address was followed with one by Rev. William Thompson, of LaSalle, who exhibited a copy of the "Breeches Bible," an edition made famous through its statement that Adam and Eve made "breeches" of fig leaves to cover their nakedness. Mr. Thompson said there are only six copies of the book in the world and the book is over 800 years old. Although he is in no easy financial condition, and money would be a great boon to him, he would not part with the book for any sum, because it is an heirloom. The following Vice-Presidents were selected:

Moses W. Wadsworth.....	Auburn
David Meredith.....	Cotton Hill
Oliver McDaniel.....	Buffalo
John Williams.....	Springfield
James Parkinson.....	Bradfordton
Alex. B. Irwin.....	Pleasant Plains
John Wilson.....	Riverton
John R. Kincaid.....	Cotton Hill
Jacob Leonard.....	Chatham
Daniel Waters.....	Rochester
J. Ray Dunlap.....	Sherman
H. Wash Holsard.....	Springfield
George Constant.....	Illopolis
James A. Hall.....	Loami
Samuel O. Maxcy.....	Berlin
Oliver P. Hall.....	Meaneburg
Thos. A. Rhea.....	New Berlin
John P. Weber.....	Pawnee
Milton D. McCoy.....	Rochester
John F. Fagan.....	Springfield
James Dodds.....	Lowder
Frank Pickell.....	Laneville
Isaac J. Taylor.....	Willamsville
William F. Irwin.....	Salisbury
Harness Trumbo.....	Woodside

There is only one kind of an old settlers' picnic dinner, and that is the kind that the party indulged in. When it was

dispatched in the hearty style that a day in the woods makes inevitable, Robert Matheny and John C. Mathis spoke in behalf of the offspring of the old settlers. Miss Belle Meredith recited a poem about the old log cabin to the manifest pleasure of the audience, and Mr. George R. Weber made a stirring speech. Thomas Rees talked awhile and recited a portion of the "Old Oaken Bucket." Mr. Davis Meredith exhibited a plow share that was made in 1813. The proceedings were varied with many good songs by the Pawnee Glee Club, of whom the following were the members: Mrs. Sophia Weber and Mrs. Helen Ozden, altos; Mrs. S. J. Lochridge and Mrs. M. E. Lochridge, sopranos; C. C. Hadley and W. A. Lochridge, bass; E. R. Headley and J. R. Lochridge, tenors; Miss Lou Young, organist.

After the general meeting the vice-presidents adopted resolutions expressive of the unbounded success of the gathering, resolving that

The thanks of everybody who visited the grounds are due, first, to our dearly beloved vice-president, John B. Weber, for the use of the magnificent grove and for his presence among us on this occasion, although suffering severe bodily affliction; second, to the committee on grounds—Vice-Presidents Davis Meredith, John R. Kincaid and Gilbert Drennan, for the arrangement of the grove; third, to the Pawnee Glee Club for their delightful music; and all the citizens of Pawnee who generously volunteered and successfully carried all persons so desiring from the cars to the grove, and, last, to our tenderest sympathizers, the sad accident our tenderest sympathies.

The managing committee desire it stated that they hired the hacks engaged in conveying visitors from the depot to the grove, and no charge was to be made by the drivers for such transportation. It has been stated that in some instances the drivers did charge passengers, and the committee will esteem it a favor if any persons who were called upon by hack drivers to pay will report the fact to some member of the committee with the name of the driver or a description of him and his hack.

Rev. Francis Springer discovered a document yesterday which made an interesting reminiscence, well worth preservation in the archives of the Old Settlers' society. It was a memorandum in his own writing dated May 31, 1839, and has not been thought of since it was written. The writing begins with the query—

"What am I here for?"
The answer: "For two things; (a) to make a living; (b) to do as much good and as little harm as possible. I think, probably, I will open a school and perhaps organize a Lutheran church."

SOME BRIEF NOTES.
The oldest lady present was the mother of Mr. Fred Smith, of the Fancy Bazaar.

Mr. Whitcraft was pleased with THE JOURNAL and observed that his family has subscribed continuously since 1836.

Mr. R. W. Diller read a portion of the poem "Old Settler's Meetin'," and announced that the rest of it might be found in THE JOURNAL.

Mr. Worley said he examined the long-lived old ladies and did not find any of the garter-snake style. He thought the old-timers did not lace much.

Mr. J. Meredith came to Sangamon in 1829 and remarked, yesterday, that he walked a half mile barefooted, and who challenged him to make the effort.

Mr. Jacob Rheen of York, Pa., the guest of Prof. N. B. Hannon, was old enough to obtain fellowship with the veterans, having been born in 1810, but he looked younger than 79.

Mr. Jacob Rheen of York, Pa., the guest of Prof. N. B. Hannon, was old enough to obtain fellowship with the veterans, having been born in 1810, but he looked younger than 79.

The Pawnee railroad handled the crowd well for a while. The limited steam capacity of the locomotive compelled the having of nearly 100 people who wished to return on the early train, but the managers deserve great credit.

Reminiscences of an Old Settler of Springfield.

NUMBER THIRTEEN.

We have concluded to give a short history of several of the churches, in Springfield, of which we are more or less acquainted for forty eight years.

The Methodist Episcopal Church was organized in Springfield, in 1821, by Rev. James Sims, as one of the places for regular preaching on his vast circuit. Rev. James Sims, was one of the early pioneer Methodist circuit preachers—a good man and an earnest worker in the infant churches. The salary in those days was \$100 a year for unmarried men, and double that amount when married, besides a scanty allowance for “table expenses.” Their out-door exercise on horseback, no doubt, enabled the “circuit rider” to endure hardships that the present race of preachers are unfitted for.

The infant church at Springfield was small, and their meetings were confined to the cabins of the members. Among the original members of the first M. E. church who settled in or near Springfield, was Charles R. Matheny, who arrived here in 1821. He was a Methodist local preacher and a class leader. His house was a preaching place, and also, a welcome home to the itinerant preacher for several years. The organization of this church has been kept up from the beginning.

Rev. Peter Cartwright, one of the early frontier preachers, preached frequently at this appointment as early as 1825 and afterwards.

In 1829, a log school house was built in Springfield, which was used, on the sabbath day, for public worship, by the several denominations. The same year the Methodists, having increased by conversion and by certificate, determined to make a start towards building a church. A subscription paper was circulated for that object and a liberal amount was subscribed by the members and others.

Pascal P. Enos, one of the original proprietors of the town, subscribed fifty dollars, and when called on for the money, he gave the collector (Rev. Peter Cartwright) the choice of several town lots or the fifty dollars in cash. The society being consulted, it was determined to accept the lots, in lieu of the subscription. The lots are the same, now occupied by the First Methodist Episcopal Church building, including the lots on which stands the State Register printing office and the Capitol Steam Laundry the original parsonage.

In 1830 the first church building was erected upon these lots, it was used until the erection of the present church building, and then removed to Capital Ave-

nue, between 5th and 6th streets, and is now used by the German Baptists as their place of public worship. This little building, before its removal, was the theatre of several extensive religious revivals. Also, the first session of the Illinois Senate held in Springfield, was held in it—the senate chamber in the state house not being finished. One or more terms of the Sangamon circuit court, was held in the same building. The German Baptists, to their credit be it spoken, have kept this relic of Methodism in Springfield in excellent preservation.

In 1833, under the ministration of Rev. Smith L. Robinson, the circuit preacher, many were added to the church, and the next year the church at Springfield was organized into a Station.

The years named for the appointment of the ministers, were conference years, beginning in the fall of the calendar year, and ending in the fall of the next year.

In 1834, Rev. Joseph Edmundson, was appointed by the Bishop, the first pastor to Springfield station, and the station was organized by the appointment of the following named members as the board of stewards, to wit: Edmund Roberts, Chas. R. Matheny, John Dickey, Jacob M. Early and Edward J. Phillips.

In 1836 and 1837, Rev. Hooper Crews was appointed to Springfield station; during his latter year the greatest revival of the church occurred; several hundred were added to the church.

In 1838, Rev. Peter Akers was appointed to Springfield station. He remained one year.

In 1839, Rev. John T. Mitchell, was pastor of the church for one year, and he left the church in a prosperous condition. Rev. Orceneth Fisher, was next appointed, and served one year.

In the fall of 1841, Rev. Johnathan Stamper became the pastor, and remained two years, the full limit then. The church prospered during his administration; an addition was put to the church building, doubling the capacity to accommodate the congregations.

In 1843, Rev. W. Crissey, was appointed to the station, and remained one year.

In 1844, Rev. John P. Richmond, was sent to Springfield station, and served one year.

Rev. Chauncy Hobert, a popular, pure and eloquent divine, was the next pastor for one year, and left with the general regret of the church and community.

In 1846, came Rev. John S. Barger, who remained one year.

In 1847, Rev. James F. Jaques, the sweet singer, was appointed and he was returned the second year. His labors were crowned with an extensive revival. In the midst of his second year's labors he was appointed President of the Female

College at Jacksonville. The vacancy of his second year's term, was filled by Rev. William T. Bennett, another sweet singer and an earnest preacher of the gospel, who now lives in Mechanicsburg, much beloved in his old age.

During the next three years Revs. Calvin Lewis, and Robt. E. Guthrie, were the pastors; the first one and the second two years.

In 1852, Rev. Thomas Magee, was appointed to Springfield station. He commenced the building of a new house of worship, which remains to this day. He was returned the second year, but died in 1854. The balance of his second term was filled by Rev. James E. Willson a very eloquent preacher.

Next came Rev. J. L. Crane, who served as pastor for two years.

In 1857, Rev. C. W. Sears, was appointed; and in 1858 Rev. James Leaton followed. In 1860, Rev. Ruben Andrus was pastor. Then for three years Rev. J. L. Crane, who was followed, in 1865, by Rev. J. M. Davidson, who was returned the second and third years. He labored in the Hammond revival with great zeal.

In 1868, Rev. Mr. Eads, a transfer from the Kentucky conference, was the next pastor, and a few weeks before his term of one year expired, on account of the health of his daughter, he was transferred to the Tennessee conference.

In 1869, Rev. Dr. Phillips was appointed and returned the second and third years.

In 1872, Rev. W. H. Webster, was appointed to Springfield station, and continued three years.

In 1875 and in 1876, Rev. R. M. Barns was sent to the Springfield station. He was appointed, by the pastors, superintendent of the great union revival in 1876. Next came Rev. J. H. Noble, who remained three years.

The present pastor, Rev. T. A. Parker, was appointed to this charge in 1880, '81 and '82. He was appointed Chaplin of the Senate at the extra session of 1882, and again at the regular session of 1883.

In 1865, the church put forth a large branch, known as the Second Methodist Church, which contained a number of the most wealthy and liberal members, to whom Rev. Wm. S. Prentice was sent as their first pastor.

There are now five Methodist Episcopal churches in Springfield, to wit: First M. E. Church; Second M. E. Church; German M. E. Church; First African M. E. Church, and Second African M. E. Church.

SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS

3, MARCH 1883.

OLD SETTLERS TELEPHONE.

FORTY YEARS AGO.

In looking over the files of the Register and of the Journal, of the past generation of business men in Springfield, we have strung together a few fragments of advertisements, as a reminder to the living old settlers, of Springfield and some of its business men forty years ago:

The partnership of S. A. Douglas & John D. Urquhardt, in the practice of law, dissolved by mutual consent.

John S. Roberts, P. M.

Springfield High School, S. M. Sill, Principal.

This is to certify that I have instructed Thomas Lewis, in the art and mystery of curing stammering. J. G. Chapman, Nelson Davis, Jas. Primm, C. F. Spottswood and Hugh McCoy, certify to being cured by Prof. Lewis.

J. Clifton of Washington House, Boston, would respectfully announce to the citizens of Illinois and the public in general, that he has opened the large and commodious hotel recently erected by Elijah Iles, Esq. American House.

Jesse B. Thomas & Wm. L. May, offer their services in the practice of law.

Eli Cook has just received a splendid assortment of caps, of every description, from \$1 to \$25.

Wallace & Diller, wholesale and retail dealers in drugs, medicines, paints, oils, dye stuffs, perfumery, etc. just received.

George Stuart, dentist. Teeth inserted on gold plates or pivots.

Fresh Groceries by Alex. Lindsay & Bro. Lindsay's Liniment, wholesale or retail.

Executors' Sale—property of Jacob M. Early—Peter Rickard and James F. Reed, Executors.

"Annuals for 1840, &c. for sale at Springfield Book Store. C. Birehall & Co.

Union Line of Stage Coaches between Springfield and Terre Haute. Robert Allen, proprietor.

James M. Lamb, informs friends and customers that from and after January 1st, 1840, he will reduce greatly, the price of all kinds of merchandise and sell for cash or produce in hand.

Attention Artillery! Your are ordered to parade 8th of January, 1840, by order

of the captain. A. R. Robinson, O. S.

S. M. Tinsley, has received an immense stock of fresh goods.

New saddle and harness establishment. R. F. Ruth.

Webster & Hickox, closing up their business.

The subscribers are now manufacturing and offer for sale, at the Springfield Foundry, Jewett's newly invented Cary plough. H. E. Bridge & Co.

Great sale of Morus Multicaulis trees. 25,000 trees of Baltimore growth for sale. M. L. Knapp. Journal copy.

Prospectus of the Morning Democrat. A daily paper to be published in the city of Chicago, commencing with the 1st Monday of March, and sooner if possible. John Wentworth.

Springfield Coach Factory. The subscribers having entered into co-partnership under the firm of Van Hoff & Lewis. They have taken the shop formerly occupied by E. M. Hinkle.

Married, in Jacksonville, on Thursday evening by Rev. A. Todd, Mr. A. R. Robinson, formerly of Baltimore city, to Miss Eliza Robinson, of Springfield.

Notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of law, an election will be held in the city of Springfield on the third Monday of April, for the election of Mayor of the city, and one alderman for each ward. Should the city charter not be accepted by the citizens, the above notice will be null and void. P. P. Kennedy, J. Whitney, J. Klein, P. C. Latham, A. Lincoln, Trustees; Simeon Francis, Clerk.

Jesse B. Thomas & Albert Bledsoe, attorneys at law.

Lesure & Bliss, having purchased out J. M. Clifton, the American House will be improved and continued by them.

Sangamon county at the late election, [Aug. 1840] polled 3000 votes, being an increase of 7 or 800 votes since 1838.

E. B. Pease & Bro. Hardware and cutlery on south side square.

State Bank of Illinois, Dec. 5, 1840. Resolved that the bank and branches forthwith resume the payment of specie for all their liabilities. N. H. Ridgely, Cashier.

Bell & Hurst, just received a handsome stock of spring and summer goods.

New Store and New Goods. Great Bargains at the Cheap Cash Store, No. 2, Hoffman's Row. Condell, Jones & Co.

PIONEER OF THE CITY DEAD

R. W. DILLER EXPIRES AFTER A LONG ILLNESS.

Was an Intimate Personal Friend of
Abraham Lincoln and Delighted in
Relating Anecdotes Associated With
the Martyr President—took an Ac-
tive Part in the Affairs of the Old
Settlers' Association of Sangamon
County.

Diller—Died, Friday a. m., Aug. 18,
1905, at the residence of his daughter,
Mrs. B. D. Ayers, Seventh and Jackson
streets, Roland Weaver Diller, aged
83 years.

The funeral will be held at 3 o'clock
Sunday afternoon at the First Presby-
terian church. Rev. T. D. Logan, pas-
tor of the church, will officiate. The
interment will be made at Oak Ridge



Rolla W. Diller.

[Springfield Pioneer, Whose Death Oc-
curred Yesterday.]

cemetery. It is requested that no
flowers be sent. Persons desiring to
view the remains may do so between
the hours of 10 and 1 o'clock Sunday.

The decedent is survived by one son,
Isaac R. Diller; two daughters, Mrs.
D. B. Ayers and Mrs. Walter Ryan of
this city; two sisters, Mrs. Susannah
Davis of Sterling, Ill., and Mrs. Annie
E. Ayers of Jacksonville, and two half
sisters, Misses Sarah and Fannie E.
Reese of Downingtown, Pa.

Mr. Diller had been in failing health
for a number of years and for the last
few weeks had been kept to his bed.
His demise was due to old age and for
the last few days was hourly expected.
His last hours were passed free from
pain and he died peacefully, in an un-
conscious condition.

Sketch of Decedent.

Roland W. Diller had been a resident
of Springfield for over sixty years and
was one of its most worthy and re-
spected citizens. He was born, Oct.
5, 1822, the son of Jonathan and Ann
(Weaver) Diller, who were born near
Blue Ball, Lancaster county, Penn., and
were married in January, 1813.

In 1822 the family moved to Chester

county, Penn., where the father died,
Sept. 30, 1831. R. W. was the fifth
of six children born to Mr. and Mrs.
Diller.

The death of the elder Mr. Diller left
the family in limited financial circum-
stances and in 1834 Mrs. Diller moved
to Lancaster, where in the following
spring Roland W. Diller was sent to
Downington to learn the printer's trade.
Becoming dissatisfied, the boy ran
away and returned home but his
mother induced him to return to the
work. A second time he returned to
his home and remained until a year
after his mother's second marriage, to
Morgan L. Reese, which occurred at
about this time.

When he was 15 years old R. W.
Diller left a store, where he had been
employed for a short time, and again
entered a printer's shop, taking a po-
sition in the office of The Republican,
a Democratic newspaper, published by
Price & Strickland, in Westchester,
with whom he was to remain until he
was 21 and in return for his services
he was to receive his board and clothes
and was to be allowed to attend school
during the last six months.

On the termination of his appren-
ticeship, in October, 1843, Mr. Diller
went to Philadelphia, where he was
employed at different offices where a
substitute was needed. He was then
given employment in the office of The
Citizen Soldier, a paper published by
his brother, Isaac R. Diller, and his
cousin, Harry Diller.

Came Here in 1844.

In 1844 Mr. Diller became attracted
to the west and started for Illinois,
leaving Philadelphia, November 8. He
went to Harrisburg, down the Ohio
river to Cairo and up the Mississippi
to St. Louis, whence he came to
Springfield by stage. The journey oc-
cupied sixteen days.

On the first of December, 1844, he
began working in the office of The
State Register, which was at that time
published by Messrs. Walters & Weber.
In July of that year, Gen. W. L. D.
Ewing, then auditor of state, took Mr.
Diller to Iowa as a surveyor and he
there sub-divided five townships into
sections and continued his work in the
territory thirty miles south of the Des
Moines river, near the present site of
Osceola.

He was obliged to suspend his work
during August and September of that
year through illness but completed
the work in December. He then re-
turned to Springfield to learn that Gen-
eral Ewing had died and that for all
his labors he had been uncompensated
and had lost, too, some money he had
advanced in the enterprise. Thomas
H. Campbell, who succeeded Mr. Ewing
as state auditor, gave Mr. Diller a po-
sition as land clerk at a small salary
but he soon became proficient in the
work and his salary was increased.

Mr. Diller in 1849 declined to go into
politics and though Mr. Campbell of-
fered to secure his nomination for the
state auditorship, Mr. Diller preferred
a mercantile business and on the ninth
of August of that year he became as-
sociated in the drug business with
Charles S. Corneau.

In 1858 the south part of the east
side of the square was consumed by
fire, including the store building oc-
cupied by Diller & Corneau's drug
business, but a new structure was im-
mediately built on the old site.

In June 1860, Mr. Corneau died, Mr.
Diller becoming the sole owner of the

business, which he conducted until his
retirement, a few years ago.

Close Friend of Lincoln.

This drug store was one of the land-
marks of the city, located in the heart
of the business district. Mr. Diller ig-
nored the progress of time and kept in
his store the same furniture and fit-
tings it held when it was the political
headquarters for both great political
parties in Illinois.

Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A.
Douglas, as well as all the other lead-
ers of a half century ago, were num-
bered among the intimate friends of
Mr. Diller, who has been a fruitful
source of information to biographers
of these great publicists. He possess-
ed an inexhaustible fund of anecdotes
relating to these two and the other
leaders of early Illinois, and never tired
of relating them.

Mr. Diller was one of the closest of
Lincoln's personal friends throughout
the latter's political career. Long be-
fore he became a public figure, Lin-
coln had a law office in the room over
Diller's drug store and most of his
time was spent below, forming one of
a circle around the wood stove in win-
ter and lining up with the leisure ones
on the sidewalk in front of the store in
the warmer months. Here were told
hundreds of the anecdotes that after-
wards became famous for having
sprung from the lips of the martyr
president.

The Diller home is located only one
square from the Lincoln homestead
and the relations between the two fam-
ilies were as close as between the two
men. On his walks from his home to
the business district Lincoln passed the
Diller home, and there he frequently
stopped, often the center of a devoted
group of children whose admiration
was divided between the two men.

Faithful Church Worker.

October 31, 1850, Mr. Diller married
Esther C. Ridgeway of Philadelphia,
Pa. Three children were born to
them, Isaac R., Emma and Esther
Diller.

During a revival held in 1866 in this
city Mr. Diller and his family became
members of the Third Presbyterian
church and Mr. Diller had since been a
faithful worker in that denomination,
contributing liberally to its support.
His had been a life devoted to charity
and in helping others.

He was an influential and trusted
citizen and enjoyed the close friend-
ship of Stephen A. Douglas and Abra-
ham Lincoln. His store was long the
head quarters for political sessions.

In 1868, on the reorganization of the
Old Settlers' Society of Sangamon
county Mr. Diller became identified
with the organization and has since
been active in its work. For three
successive years, beginning in 1879, he
was elected its president and his lab-
ors in its behalf have been effective
and far reaching. Following this he
was secretary of the society for many
years.

Through his long years of residence
in this city, whose growth he had
watched carefully and been instrumen-
tal in adding to its history, he was a
supporter of any movement for its
good and his influence and his work
in the city's welfare will ever occupy
a chapter in its history and his name
will stand on its roll of honored citi-
zens.

AUGUST 19 1905

ROLAND DILLER FUNERAL HELD

REMAINS OF OLD RESIDENT ARE
LAID AT REST.

Services at First Presbyterian Church
Are Largely Attended, and Favorite
Hymn is Sung—Rev. Thomas D.
Logan and Charles A. Crane of Bos-
ton Pay Tribute to Life of the Pioneer
Resident of Springfield.

Diller—The last respects to the mem-
ory of Roland W. Diller were paid yes-
terday afternoon when the funeral was
held at 3 o'clock at the First Presby-
terian church. Preceding the services
at the church, Rev. J. E. Rogers, pastor
of the Third Presbyterian church, read
a scripture at the residence. At the
church the congregation joined in sing-
ing, "Come Thou Font of Every Bless-
ing," which was the favorite of the de-
cedent.

Rev. T. D. Logan, pastor of the First
Presbyterian church, preached an ex-
cellent sermon, paying a high tribute
to the departed citizen. Charles A.
Crane of Boston, an old acquaintance
of Mr. Diller's, who is spending his va-
cation in Jacksonville, came to the city
to attend the funeral and was asked to
speak. He made a beautiful talk and
dwelt on Mr. Diller's life and his deeds
of kindness. The choir sang "Kept by
the Power of God" and "On Christ the
Solid Rock I Stand."

At Oak Ridge cemetery, where the
interment was made, Rev. J. E. Rogers
offered a prayer and E. R. Ulrich made
the final remarks at the grave. Rev. T.
D. Logan said the benediction. The
pallbearers were C. F. Mills, Alfred
Booth, J. H. Feltham, Shelby Dorwin,
Robert Patton and H. D. Giger.

In his sermon Rev. T. D. Logan said
in part:

"Kept by the power of God," I Peter 1:5.
This was a favorite text of our de-
ceased brother. It expresses his convic-
tion as to the source of the believer's
strength, and the secret of his continuance
in the Christian life in the face of the
temptations which assail one harder than
ever after he resolves to be a follower of
Jesus Christ. In view of the fact that the
earlier incidents of Mr. Diller's life have
been given to the public through the press,
it is unnecessary to speak of them at this
time; but it is eminently fitting that, on
this the Lord's Day, and in this church in
which he was an honored officebearer, I
should speak of his religious life, which
began with his conversion in 1866. This
I do, not in eulogy of him, but rather of
the grace of God which was magnified in
him.

I have many who knew Mr. Diller during
his earlier period of his life and their
uniform testimony has been that he was
not such a wicked man as might appear
from his own condemnation of himself.
But if there might seem to be an exagger-
ation of wickedness, it was no more than
every truly converted man feels when he
looks unto the rock from which he was
hewn, and into the hole of the pit from
which he was digged. His was the feel-
ing of Paul when he described himself as
the chief of sinners. But if not a wicked
man before his conversion.

Mr. Diller was a thoroughly worldly
man. His naturally genial disposition
made him a "hale fellow well met," and
drew around him those whose thoughts
rose no higher than the pleasures of this
life. But when he was converted the
change was complete. He had found a
new Master whom he delighted to serve,
and with all of the intensity of his nature
he threw himself into the work to which
he had been called. Awakened in the
midst of a fervent revival, his religious
life had an intensity which it never lost
even in seasons of general religious indif-
ference. He at once became active in

conducting neighborhood prayer meetings
in different parts of the city, and was
ever ready to bear the testimony to the
power of that Divine grace which had
saved him, and could save others. His
feelings were expressed in the familiar
lines

"Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
Must speak their joys abroad."

He was unwilling, even by his silence,
to incur the criticism of having denied
his Lord. Without giving offence to the
most fastidious, he found it easy to intro-
duce the subject of religion in conversa-
tion with strangers whom he met by the
way, as well as in conversation with ac-
quaintances and friends. It was the up-
permost theme in his thoughts, and the
first to find natural expression. He never
spoke on this subject under constraint.
It was never necessary to drag religion
into discussion. Whether men agreed
with him or not, all felt that he was giv-
ing utterance to his sincere sentiments,
and they respected him and the cause
which he represented.

Ungodly men listened to rebuke from
his lips which they would have resented
if it had been administered in a different
spirit. This was largely because the
cordial good-nature which had made him
attractive as a man of the world was car-
ried into the new life, and made him
friendly to all the world. Unfortunately
this is not always the case. Religion has
sometimes been sadly misrepresented be-
cause the sadder and sterner aspects of
life have been presented under its cloak,
while the brighter and more cheerful
things have been identified with worldly
pleasure. Too many have forgotten that
the joy of the Lord is their strength.

Yet it must not be supposed that the re-
ligious life of Mr. Diller found its only
expression in words. To visit the father-
less and the widows in their affliction, and
to keep himself unspotted from the world
was recognized as the ideal of true relig-
ion. At a time when there were no pro-
fessional nurses to whom the care of the
sick might be committed, but when sym-
pathetic neighbors must be relied upon to
give the needed help, he was ever prompt
in expressing sympathy, and in offering
such help as can be given in the hour of
sorrow.

I question whether any one in Spring-
field has been in a larger number of homes
in times of bereavement. No small part
of this audience is composed of those who,
by their presence, are trying to return
the sympathy and helpfulness extended
to them in similar times of trial. Nor
were his ministrations confined to the cir-
cle of immediate friends and neighbors,
but they extended to the darkest abodes
of sin, where he often told of the One
who is able to save to the uttermost.
There was no place so vile that he was
unwilling to carry into it the Gospel of
hope for the penitent, and souls will wel-
come him in glory whom he was the
means of rescuing from the very brink of
the abyss.

While it is a pleasure to review this
record of an earnest Christian life I
should sadly misrepresent the views and
feelings of the deceased if I left the im-
pression that this was due to any excel-
lency of his own. He could say with the
apostle, "By the grace of God I am What
I am." If he did not lapse into the evils
of his former life, it was because he was
"Kept by the power of God." Very shortly
after his conversion he was called to test
the keeping power of divine grace.

The old craving for strong drink re-
turned, and for a time it seemed as if he
must yield, but he knew that if he did so
it would wreck his Christian hope, and
bring disgrace upon the Master to whom
he had consecrated his life. Leaving his
store, he retired to the privacy of an up-
per room, and lying prostrate on the floor,
he clutched the promises of God, and
claimed their fulfillment as he clung to
One who had revealed himself a Refuge
and Strength, a very present help in
trouble. After that hour of agony, the
craving vanished and never returned. When
one said to him, "That was a very re-
markable experience," he replied, "No, it
was not. I had God's promise, and that
could not fail." Would that every tempt-
ed one might learn how he too may be
kept by the power of God.

With this experience of the mighty

power of alcohol, it is not strange that Mr.
Diller at once became a strong advocate
of the temperance cause, and that scorn-
ing all temporizing with an acknowledged
evil, he avowed himself an uncompromis-
ing prohibitionist. For years he has been
identified with those who believe that the
only solution of the liquor problem is the
suppression of the manufacture and sale
of intoxicating beverages of every kind.

After his conversion, Mr. Diller and his
family united with the Third Presbyterian
church, under the pastorate of the Rev.
George W. F. Birch and was subsequently
chosen a ruling elder. In 1872 when the
congregation of the First Presbyterian
church assumed the obligations and enter-
ed upon the occupancy of the present
building, a large number of the members
of the Third church became identified
with the First.

In 1880 Mr. Diller transferred his mem-
bership, and shortly after became an elder
in the First church. Since that time he
has been a faithful member and office-
bearer in this congregation, yet such has
been his interest in the cause of religion
that he might be said to belong to all the
churches. If there was special religious
interest in any church, he was sure to be
seeking a share of the blessing, and noth-
ing delighted him more than the union of
God's people for the purpose of reaching
the unconverted.

The weekly prayer meeting was his
delight, and he could always be found
there ready to bear his testimony to the
blessedness of the Christian life. Just
six weeks ago he attended for the last
time, and listened with eager interest to
a discussion of the duty of the church in
moral reformatory movements. Ere the
meeting closed the symptoms of the ap-
proaching end had manifested themselves,
and for a few moments it seemed as if he
would be transferred from the assembly of
God's people below to the grander as-
sembly above; but the Lord kindly spared
his life until all his children could be
about him to minister to his simple wants
and comfort him by their presence until
he peacefully entered the rest that re-
maineth for the people of God.

When he became a Christian he express-
ed the desire that he might live as long in
the service of God as he had lived in the
service of the world. He was then forty-
four years of age, the first four or five
years of which were years of irresponsible
infancy. It may therefore be truly said
that his wish was gratified, and that the
years of his second birth of the Spirit
were equal to the years of the first birth
of the flesh. But while equal in number,
these years were far greater in their in-
fluence. For nearly forty years he has
represented to this community a type of
earnest, enthusiastic, aggressive Chris-
tianity, and has made an impression upon
thousands that will last throughout eter-
nity. He rests from his labors and his
works do follow him.

Aug 21-05

OLD SETTLERS TELEPHONE.

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TEACHERS are authorized to act as Agents for our paper, and retain one-half of the club-rate pay for their commission by sending the other half to us; or they need not collect their commission from subscribers, which will make the cost to the subscriber only 12½ cents for the year.

GOOD-BYE.

The undersigned, senior partner of the firm of Weber & Aitken, having determined to spend the evening of his life in Kansas City, retires with this number, as one of the publishers of the OLD SETTLERS TELEPHONE, leaving Mr. Wm. F. Aitken as the sole publisher and proprietor of this paper.

Mr. Aitken is too well known in Springfield to need an introduction. He came to Springfield in 1841, from Scotland, and began to learn the printing business with Simeon Francis & Bros., the founders of the Illinois State Journal. He has had considerable experience as a "newspaper man," and will give his whole attention to the publication of the twin TELEPHONES.

The educational side of the paper, will be under the management of A. J. Smith Sangamon county superintendent of public schools, who has no interest in the paper, only as he can use it to promote the good of the schools—teachers and scholars, and aid the directors in their very responsible duties. No officer, national, state or county, has ever worked harder nor done more valuable work for

the people of the county, than this faithful and accomplished public servant. We feel confident that Mr. Smith's extraordinary devotion to school interests will be appreciated by the intelligent citizens of Sangamon county.

Every family, in every school district in the county, who have a child or children to educate ought to subscribe for this paper. It is so cheap that many are subscribing in the name of their school children. The paper will grow and spread over the county like a great fruitful tree, blessing the schools, the editor and the publisher—we believe.

Nearly fifty years ago when we came, Springfield was a small town. Its Land Office, for years, attracted many strangers to attend the public land sales, and to enter lands. The only two hotels in the town were—Alden's in old town, and Ransdale's on west side square—and they were generally crowded, and the proprietors happy, as country produce and table supplies were very low, and hotel bills severely high.

Then Springfield had no rival markets nearer than Jacksonville, Beardstown, Decatur, and a few more distant towns. No scores of railroad towns to compete with. The merchants generally, traveled twice a year in stages and steamboats to eastern cities to purchase their stocks of fall or spring goods, and retailed them largely to regular customers payable at Christmas or as soon as the farmers sold their hogs.

The business houses were mostly one-story frame buildings on the square; only a few two story houses in the town until the passage of the bill removing the seat of government to Springfield. Pasfield's two-story brick block, recently torn down to give place to the finest business house in the city, was then considered the best store rooms in the town.

An old style square brick court house graced the center of the square. It was

inclosed by a rough board fence, and long hitching poles for the accommodation of farmers' horses.

The "Sangamo Journal" printing office occupied an upper room in the court house; it was the only paper printed in Central Illinois—a strong whig, anti-Jackson, United States Bank paper. The Illinois Republican, a democratic paper was started in May 1835, which five years later was united to the Illinois State Register, the official organ of the State, which was removed from Vandalia to Springfield with the State offices in 1839.

Fifty years ago the ungraded streets of Springfield, in wet seasons, were almost impassable for mud. There were several large ponds near the center of the town, which furnished frog and mosquito music for the inhabitants.

Fifty years ago there were but three small church buildings in Springfield—the Presbyterian, the Methodist, and the Christian. There was but one saloon.

Fifty years ago, where now stands the magnificent capitol of Illinois, stood a small frame tenement, sheltered by a dense grove of native trees.

The business citizens of Springfield, of fifty years ago, have nearly all passed into the eternal worlds.

Fifty years have passed, almost as a dream, since we first saw the infant town of Springfield. The contrast in its appearance between then and now can hardly be realized except by old settlers. Its early houses and inhabitants have nearly all disappeared, and now its many church edifices; its schools; its magnificent public buildings; its spacious hotels; its grand business houses; its extensive manufactories; its numerous private mansions; its inexhaustible coal beds; its waterworks; its vast system of sewer drainage; its railroad and telegraphic connections with the whole world; its telephone connections; its electric and gas lights; its cedar paved streets; its libraries; its monuments; its enterprising business men; its beautiful pure women; its Christian altars around which cluster so many holy associations, and the tombs of kindred and old associates, all conspire to make me feel sad to say adieu.

GEO. R. WEBER.

City Has Many Close Contacts with Lincoln

Those Who Knew Liberator Tell of Experiences.

BY RUTH DE YOUNG.

Abraham Lincoln, on the way to his Washington inaugural in 1861, paused in the Buffalo station to shake hands with a small curly headed boy. A couple of years later President Lincoln chatted graciously one afternoon with another young lad who had been invited with his mother and sister for tea at the White House.

Today, the 123d anniversary of the Great Emancipator, two well known Chicago attorneys, the little boys of six or seven decades ago, will tell with pride of these experiences. And others who can boast "I knew Lincoln," claim a grandfather or great-uncle who rode the circuit with the rail splitter, or display a collection of his writings and personal effects will have an interesting story or two for their friends.

Granville Browning at White House Tea.

Granville W. Browning, who traces his descent on his mother's side to Chief Justice Marshall, was the young lad who sipped tea at the White House and refused a second piece of cake just for politeness sake. His father had been stationed in Washington as quartermaster of the Union army with the rank of lieutenant colonel.

"It was the simplest of teas with only ourselves and the wives of two officials present," Mr. Browning recalled. "Lincoln came in for only a few minutes and Mrs. Lincoln, who spoke with a soft voice and the vivacious mannerisms of a Kentuckian, failed to persuade him to have tea. I remember how tired his face and his deep set gray eyes were."

Mr. Browning can share this experience with Mrs. William J. Chalmers, who as the daughter of Allan

Pinkerton, head of the secret service during the civil war, was also entertained for tea by Mrs. Lincoln. "But all I can remember," commented Mrs. Chalmers, "is that the president was terribly serious."

Loesch as Lad Bows to Lincoln.

Little was Frank J. Loesch worrying about Chicago and its ills when he had his excitement in the deepest bow he could muster on meeting Lincoln in the Buffalo station. His chum, Calvin Phelps, the son of Orson Phelps, who was chairman of the welcoming committee, was responsible for the action.

Perhaps few persons today have known Lincoln any better than Mrs. Eugenia Jones Hunt, who comes to visit her daughter, Mrs. Cuthbert C. Adams, in Winnetka each summer. Mrs. Hunt was the daughter of John Albert Jones, the first appointee of Lincoln after his cabinet positions were filled. Mr. Jones was made superintendent of statistics. The Lincoln campaign rallies and Chicago's first national nominating convention in 1860 are all familiar to Mrs. Hunt, who also tells with enthusiasm that the Republican party was born in her grandfather's house in Bloomington.

Lincoln Collections of Chicagoans.

In addition to these memories are the Lincoln collections that have been made by several distinguished Chicagoans, including Oliver Barrett, Dr. Otto Schmidt, James Rosenthal, Frank G. Logan, and Judge Henry Horner.

Mrs. George Cragg yesterday told an interesting story of the association of her grandfather, Judge Jesse Thomas, one time member of the Supreme court of Illinois, with Douglas. "Grandfather was taking some children to a circus. Douglas, who was so short, you remember, was with them. They thought it would be a good joke to take him in as one of the children for half price—and they did."

